

## The School Anthology

# THE SCHOOL ANTHOLOGY.

PART I. CHAUCER TO BURNS, . . . . .	15. 6d.
PART II. WORDSWORTH TO NEWBOLT, . . . . .	15. 6d.
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 'AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE,'  
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# The School Anthology

EDITED BY

J. H. LOBBAN

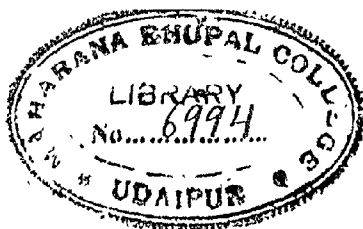
*For deeds do die, however nobly done,  
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay.  
But wise words taught in numbers for to run,  
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye.*  
—EDMUND SPENSER.

PART II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

1907

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## PART II.

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE

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## 1                    *The Solitary Reaper.*

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or 'gently pass !  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands :  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides,

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago;  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending:—  
 I listened, motionless and still;  
 And, as I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

2      Lines composed a Few Miles above  
          Tintern Abbey.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length  
 Of five long winters! and again I hear  
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again  
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
 That on a wild secluded scene impress  
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
 The day is come when I again repose  
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beautiful forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal flame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul :  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer through the woods.  
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again :  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills ; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led : more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts  
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains ; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,  
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise  
In nature and the language of the sense  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the more



Suffer my genial spirits to decay :  
For thou art with me here upon the banks  
Of this fair river ; thou my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy : for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee : and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance—  
If I should be where I no more can hear

Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service: rather say  
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### 3      She was a Phantom of Delight.

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;

A Creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food ;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine ;  
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A Traveller between life and death ;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

4

#### ✓ The Happy Warrior.

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?  
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :  
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
 That makes the path before him always bright :  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,

And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice ;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more ; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He labours good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows :  
—Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire ;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;  
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,

A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need :  
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;  
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity  
It is his darling passion to approve ;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :——  
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,  
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—  
Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
Where what he most doth value must be won :  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpast :  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name—

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :  
This is the happy Warrior ; this is He  
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

5

**My Heart Leaps Up.**

MY heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky :  
So was it when my life began ;  
So is it now I am a man ;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The Child is father of the Man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

6

**To the Cuckoo.**

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bud,  
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear ;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass  
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days  
I listened to; that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O, blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place;  
That is fit home for Thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## 7

## Westminster Bridge.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## 8

## The Poet.

BUT who is He, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown ?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove ;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.



The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us  
Some random truths he can impart,—  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish ; and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## 10

## The Sonnet.

## I.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room ;  
And hermits are contented with their cells ;  
And students with their pensive citadels ;  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom,  
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :  
In truth the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;  
Pleased if some Souls (for such their needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## II.

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;  
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned

And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control ;  
But in the quietness of thought :  
Me this unchartered freedom ties ;  
I feel the weight of chance-desires :  
My hopes no more must change their name  
I long for a repose that ever is the same

Yet not the less would I throughout  
Still act according to the voice  
Of my own wish ; and feel past doubt  
That my submissiveness was choice :  
Not seeking in the school of pride  
For "precepts over dignified,"  
Denial and restraint I prize  
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise.

Stein Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face :

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh  
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
I call thee : I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
The confidence of reason give ;  
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## 12 She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye !—  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

13

## It is a Beauteous Evening.

**I**T is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:  
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;  
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## 14 Three Years she grew in Sun and Shower.

**T**HREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown;  
This Child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse: and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her; for her the willow bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the Storm  
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

15

Milton.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour :  
England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

16

I heard a Thousand Blended Notes.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran ;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

17      The World is too much with Us.

**T**HIS world is too much with us; late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up-pattered now like sleeping flowers;  
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



18

O Friend, I know not.

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,  
Or groom !— We must run glittering like a brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;  
The wealthiest man among us is the best :  
No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :  
Plain living and high thinking are no more :  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

19 Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation  
of Switzerland.

TWO Voices are there ; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice :  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !  
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong:  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—  
Thou Child of Joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
Shepherd-boy!

## IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
O evil day! if I were sullen  
While Earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May-morning,  
And the Children are culling  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !

—But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
A single Field which I have looked upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone :

The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

## v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar :

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy ;

The Youth, who daily farthest from the east

Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,

And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended :

At length the Man perceives it die away,

And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own :  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
    And no unworthy aim,  
    The homely Nurse doth all she can  
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
    Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;  
    A wedding or a festival,  
    A mourning or a funeral ;  
    And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song :  
    Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife :  
    But it will not be long  
    Ere this be thrown aside,  
    And with new joy and pride  
The little Actor cons another part ;  
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
    As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy Soul's immensity ;  
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
A Presence which is not to be put by ;  
To whom the grave  
Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight  
Of day or the warm light,  
A place of thought where we in waiting lie ;  
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## IX.

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,

To perish never :

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the Children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
And let the young Lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound!  
We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May!  
What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forbode not any severing of our loves!  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

21

### The Crowded Hour.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the life!  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowded hour of glorious life  
 Is worth an age without a name.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

22

### Hunting Song.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day,  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 The mist has left the mountain grey,  
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:



And foresters have busy been,  
 To track the buck in thicket green;  
 Now we come to chant our lay,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 To the greenwood haste away;  
 We can show you where he lies,  
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size;  
 We can show the marks he made,  
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
 You shall see him brought to bay,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
 Run a course as well as we;  
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
 Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk;  
 Think of this, and rise with day,  
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.  
 SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A VARIOUS host—from kindred realms they  
 came,  
 Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—  
 For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,  
 And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.

Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,  
And hers their scorn of death in Freedom's  
cause,  
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,  
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,  
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with  
the Laws.

And, O ! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land !  
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !  
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,  
And harsher features, and a mien more grave ;  
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave,  
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid ;  
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,  
And level for the charge your arms are laid,  
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid !

Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,  
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,  
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,  
And moves to death with military glee :  
Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,  
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,  
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she :  
And He, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone  
Of thy bold harp, green Isle !—the Hero is thine  
own.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## 24

## Young Lochinvar.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the  
best ;

And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and  
all ;

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "—

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
*There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,*  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet : the knight took it up,  
He quarr'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, “’Twere better by  
far  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young  
Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger  
stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and  
scur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby  
clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and  
they ran:  
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

24

## Young Lochinvar.

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But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

25

Pitt.

HADST thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,  
 A watchman on the lonely tower,  
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,  
 When fraud or danger were at hand ;  
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;  
 As some proud column, though alone,  
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne :  
 Now is the stately column broke,  
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,  
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
 The warder silent on the hill !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

26

## The Rover's Adieu.

“ A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine !  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine !  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
 No more of me you knew,  
 My love !  
 No more of me you knew.

“ This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain ;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two meet again.”—

He turned his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
Said, "Adieu for evermore,  
My love!  
And adieu for evermore."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

27

*Pibroch of Donald Dhu.*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan-Conuil.  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons!  
Come in your war-array,  
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky,  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter;  
Leave the corpse uninterred,  
The bride at the altar;



Leave the deer, leave the deer,  
 Leave huts and barges;  
 Come with your lightning penn,  
 Broadwords and targets.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rent;  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are straggled:  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
 See how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set!  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

**T**O the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who  
 spoke,  
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns  
 to be broke;  
 So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,  
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

---

“Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,  
And it’s room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!”

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;  
But the Provost, douce man, said, “Just e’en let  
him be,  
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.”  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,  
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;  
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and  
slee,  
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was  
crammed,  
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;  
There was spite in each look, there was fear in  
each e’e,  
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmainock had spits and had spears  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;  
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was  
free,  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,  
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :  
 "Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words  
     or three,  
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."  
     Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—  
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !  
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
     Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond  
     Forth,  
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the  
     North ;  
 There are wild Dunewassals three thousand times  
     three,  
 Will cry *higg!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
     Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of barked bull-hide ;  
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;  
 The brass shall be hurnished, the steel shall flash free,  
 At the loss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
     Come fill up my cup, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—  
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox :  
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me !"  
     Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were  
 blown,  
 The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee  
 Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
 Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;  
 Come open your gates, and let me gae free,  
 For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!  
 SIR WALTER SCOTT.

gang=go.  
 dounce=scold.  
 ilk=every.  
 carline=old woman.  
 flyting=scolding

couthie=pleased.  
 slee=sly.  
 haisted gullies=handled knives.  
 barkened=tanned.

## 29

## The Thread of Life.

TWIST ye, twine ye! even so,  
 Mingle shades of joy and woe,  
 Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,  
 In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,  
 And the infant's life beginning,  
 Dimly seen through twilight bending,  
 Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,  
 Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;  
 Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,  
 In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,  
Whirling with the whirling spindle.  
Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,  
Mingle human bliss and woe.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## 30

## Flodden Field.

BUT as they left the dark'ning heath,  
More desperate grew the strife of death.  
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,  
In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;  
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their King.  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring ;  
The stubborn spear-men still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell.  
No thought was there of dastard flight ;  
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well ;  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded King.  
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;  
And from the charge they drew,  
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,  
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know ;  
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field as snow,  
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
Dissolves in silent dew.  
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
While many a broken band,  
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,  
To gain the Scottish land ;  
To town and tower, to town and dale,  
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And raise the universal wail.  
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
Shall many an age that wail prolong :  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

81      *Edinburgh from Blackford Hill.*

BLACKFORD ! on whose uncultured breast,  
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
While rose, on breezes thin,  
The murmur of the city crowd,  
And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
Saint Giles's mingling din.  
Now, from the summit to the plain,

Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;  
And o'er the landscape as I look,  
Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
To me they make a heavy moan,  
Of early friendships past and gone.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,  
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.  
When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below,  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow  
With gloomy splendour red ;  
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,  
The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
*Where the huge Castle holds its state,*  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town !  
But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they kissed,  
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.  
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :  
And, broad between them roll'd,  
The gallant Frith the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold.

Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,  
And raised his bridle hand,  
And, making demi-volte in air,  
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land !"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE western waves of ebbing day  
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seem'd fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;



For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.  
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,  
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;  
The primrose pale and violet flower  
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;  
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride,  
Group'd their dark hues with every stain  
The weather-beaten crags retain.  
With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;  
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;  
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent hung,  
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,  
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.  
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,  
The wanderer's eye could barely view  
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;  
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

33

## Jock o' Hazeldean.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride:  
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
Sae comely to be seen"—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley-dale;  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen"—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair;  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you, the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride our forest queen"—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
The tapers glimmered fair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;  
 The ladie was not seen !  
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

loot=let.

baith=both.

34

### The Skylark.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud,  
 Far in the downy cloud,  
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
 Where, on thy dewy wing,  
 Where art thou journeying ?  
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.

35

## Lock the Door, Lariston.

“LOCK the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale;  
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;  
The Armstrongs are flying,  
The widows are crying,  
The Castletown’s burning, and Oliver’s gone!

“Lock the door, Lariston—high on the weather-  
gleam  
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—  
Yeomen and carbineer,  
Billman and halberdier,  
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry!

“Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;  
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;  
Hidley and Howard there,  
Wandale and Windermere;  
Lock the door, Lariston; hold them at bay.

“Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?  
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?  
Thou bold Border ranger,  
Beware of thy danger;  
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.”

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,  
His hand grasp’d the sword with a nervous embrace;  
“Ah, welcome, brave foeman,  
On earth there are no men  
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!

“Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here ;  
Little know you of our moss-troopers’ might—

Linhope and Sorbie true,  
Sundhope and Milburn too,  
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight !

“I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,  
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ;

Come all Northumberland,  
Teesdale and Cumberland,  
Here at the Brecken tower end shall the fray !”

Scowled the broad sun o’er the links of green  
Liddesdale,

Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold ;  
Many a bold martial eye  
Mirror’d that morning sky,  
Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle’s note, dreadful the warrior’s shout,  
Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;

Helmet and hauberk then,  
Braved the claymore in vain,  
Buckler and armet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane—the proud files of the Winder-  
mere !

Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !

Hear the wide welkin rend,  
While the Scots’ shouts ascend—  
“Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye !”

JAMES HOGG.

36

## Sweet Month of May.

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,  
From sky to earth it slanted :  
And poised therein a bird so bold—  
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !  
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd,  
Within that shaft of sunny mist ;  
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,  
All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang : “ Adieu ! adieu !  
Love’s dreams prove seldom true.  
The blossoms, they make no delay :  
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.  
Sweet month of May,  
We must away ;  
Far, far away !  
To-day ! to-day ! ”  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

37

## The Enchanted Voyage.

FOR when it dawned—they dropped their arms,  
And clustered round the mast ;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid : and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean :  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound ;  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.

“ Is it he ? ” quoth one, “ Is this the man ?  
By him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low,  
The harmless Albatross.

“ The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew :  
Quoth he, “ The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do.”

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.



So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round :  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !  
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced :  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves ;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !  
A dinnel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw :

It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

39

Love.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
Had blended with the lights of eve;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,  
The statue of the armed Knight ;  
She stood and listened to my lay,  
Amid the huzgering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !  
She loves me best, where'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That run wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand ;  
And that for ten long years he wooed  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright :  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;  
And how she tended him in vain—  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest-leaves  
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,  
As conscious of my look she stepped—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace;  
And bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous Bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

VERSE, a Breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
Where HOPE clung feeding, like a bee—  
Both were mine! Life went a-maying

With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,

When I was young!

*When* I was young?—Ah, woeful WHEN!

Ah for the Change 'twixt Now and Then!

This breathing House not built with hands,

This body that does me grievous wrong,

O'er aery Cliffs and glittering Sands,

How lightly *then* it flashed along:—

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,

On winding Lakes and Rivers wide,

That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,

That fear no spite of Wind or Tide!

Nought cared this Body for wind or weather

When YOUTH and I lived in't together.

FLOWERS are lovely; LOVE is flower-like;

FRIENDSHIP is a sheltering tree;

O the Joys, that came down shower-like,

Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,

Ere I was old!

*Ere* I was old? Ah, woeful ERE,

Which tells me, YOUTH's no longer here:

O YOUTH! for years so many and sweet,

'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,

I'll think it but a fond conceit—

It cannot be, that Thou art gone!

Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:—

And thou wert aye a Masker bold!

What strange Disguise hast now put on,

To *make believe*, that thou art gone?

I see these Locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping Gait, this altered Size :  
But SPRINGTIME blossoms on thy Lips,  
And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but Thought : so think I will  
That YOUTH and I are House-mates still.

SAMUËL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth,  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother .  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

SAMUËL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

O LADY! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live:  
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!  
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the earth—  
And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me  
What this strong music in the soul may be—  
What, and wherein it doth exist,  
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,  
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,  
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,  
A new Earth and new Heaven,  
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!  
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colours a suffusion from that light.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



## 43

## The Scholar.

MY days among the dead are past ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old ;  
My never failing friends are they.  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them  
I live in long past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity ;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

44

Love.

THEY sin who tell us love can die :  
 With life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity.  
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :  
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,  
 They perish when they have their birth.  
 But love is indestructible ;  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;  
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.  
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
 It here is tried and purified,  
 And hath in heaven its perfect rest.  
 It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest time of love is there.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

45

Night.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent  
 Knew  
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely fime,  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
 And lo ! creation widened in man's view.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

*How some they have died, and some they have left me.*  
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

50

Ye Mariners of England.

I.

YE Mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !

Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
*While the stormy winds do blow ;*  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## II.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !—  
*For the deck it was their field of fame,*  
And Ocean was their grave :  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
*While the stormy winds do blow ;*  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
*Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,*  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## IV.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## 51

## Hohenlinden.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly :

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stain'd snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determined hand,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on.—

## II.

Like leviathans afloat  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line :  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death ;  
 And the boldest held his breath  
 For a time.—

## III.

But the might of England flush'd  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
~~And her van the fleetest rush'd~~  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 " Hearts of oak ! " our captains cried ; wher  
     each gun  
 From its adamant line  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

## IV.

Again ! again ! again !  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back ;—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.—

## v.

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave :  
“Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
And we conquer but to save ;—  
So peace instead of death let us bring :  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King.”—

## vi.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose ;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day.  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

## vii.

Now joy, old England, raise !  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;



And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsnore !

## VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died—  
With the gallant good Riou ;  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave !—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*A Canadian Boat Song.*

**F**AINTLY as tolls the evening chime  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;  
But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.  
THOMAS MOORE.

54

Go where Glory waits thee.

GO where glory waits thee,  
But, while fame elates thee,  
Oh ! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh ! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee  
Sweeter far may be ;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh ! then remember me !

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh ! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh ! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its ling'ring roses,  
Once so lov'd by thee,

Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh ! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh ! still remember me.  
Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee ;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I us'd to sing thee,—  
Oh ! then remember me.

THOMAS MOORE.

55 The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.—  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells ;  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

56

The Last Rose of Summer.

'TIS the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone ;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !  
To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them.  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

*So soon may I follow,*  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away.  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone ?

THOMAS MOORE.

57

## The Light of Other Days.

OF T, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me ;  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken ;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken !  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather ;  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed !  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

58

## Barthram's Dirge.

THEY shot him dead on the Nine-stane Rig,  
Beside the Headless Cross ;  
And they left him lying in his blood,  
Upon the muir and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,  
The saugh and the aspen gray ;  
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,  
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bowel,  
And threw her robes aside,  
She tore her long yellow hair,  
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-well,  
His wounds sac deep and sair ;  
And she plaited a garland for his breast,  
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,  
And bare him to his earth,  
And the grey-friars sang the dead man's mass,  
As they passed the Chapel-Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,  
When the dew fell cold and still,  
When the aspen gray forgot to play,  
And the mist clung to the hull.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,  
 By the edge of the Nine-stane burn,  
 And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,  
 The moss and the lady-fern.

A grey-friar staid upon the grave,  
 And sang till morning tide ;  
 And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,  
 While the Headless Cross shall bide.

ROBERT SURTEES.

muir=heath.

saugh=willow

sear=severe.

### My Ain Countree.

HAME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

When the flower is i' the bud' and the leaf is on the tree,  
 The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countree ;  
 Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',  
 The bonnie White Rose it is withering an' a' ;  
 But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,  
 An' green it will graw in my ain countree.

O, there's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,  
 But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave ;  
 That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie  
 May rise again an' fight for their ain countree.

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,  
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;  
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,  
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ain = own.  
 an' a' = also.

blude = blood.  
 nocht = naught

mirk = gloom.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While like the eagle free  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!  
 I heard a fair one cry;  
 But give to me the snoring breeze  
 And white waves heaving high;  
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.



There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud ;  
 But hark the music, mariners !  
 The wind is piping loud ;  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A BOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—  
*Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,*  
 And to the presence in the room he said,  
 "What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,  
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
 Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,  
 "Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night  
 It came again with a great wakening light,  
 And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,  
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

HE said ; and straight the herald Argicide  
Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,  
Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear  
O'er seas and lands, like waftage of the air ;  
His rod too, that can close the eyes of men  
In balmy sleep, and open them again,  
He took, and holding it in hand, went flying ;  
Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying,  
Down to it sheer he dropp'd, and scour'd away  
Like the wild gull, that fishing o'er the bay  
Flaps on, with pinions dipping in the brine ;  
So went on the far sea the shape divine.  
And now arriving at the isle, he springs  
Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,  
Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,  
Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely locks.  
He paused ; and there came on him, as he stood,  
A smell of citron and of cedar wood,  
That threw a perfume all about the isle ;  
And she within sat spinning all the while,  
And sang a lovely song, that made him hark and  
smile.

A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,  
Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,  
In which all birds of ample wing, the owl  
And hawk, had nests, and broad-tongued water-  
fowl.

The cave in front was spread with a green vine,  
Whose dark round bunches almost burst with wine ;  
And from four springs, running a sprightly race  
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refresh'd the place ;

While all about, a meadowy ground was seen,  
 Of violets mingling with the parsley green :  
 So that a stranger, though a god were he,  
 Might well admire it, and stand there to see ;  
 And so admiring, there stood Mercury.

LEIGH HUNT.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, 15  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with babbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise 20  
 And shake him from thee : the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies 25—  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals, 30  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar 35—  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey 40  
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ,—  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. 45—

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime— 5  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear, 60  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.  
 LORD BYRON.

## The Poet's Adieu.

MY boat is on the shore,  
 And my bark is on the sea ;  
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
 Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
 And a smile to those who hate ;  
 And, whatever sky's above me,  
 Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,  
 Yet it still shall bear me on ;  
 Though a desert should surround me,  
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,  
 As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
Should be—peace with thine and mine,  
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.  
LORD BYRON.

65

## The Dying Gladiator.

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie :  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch  
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday,—  
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire  
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your  
ire !

LORD BYRON.

66

## Stanzas for Music.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it  
    takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's  
    dull decay ;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,  
    which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself  
    be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of  
    happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess :  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in  
    vain  
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never  
    stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself  
    comes down ;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its  
    own ;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the  
    ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth  
    distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no more their  
    former hope of rest ;  
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey  
    beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have  
been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a  
vanish'd scene ;  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish  
though they be,  
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would  
flow to me.

LORD BYRON.

67

The Isles of Greece.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse :  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.



A king sate on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations ;—all were his !  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,  
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more !  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;  
 For what is left the poet here ?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?  
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.  
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To appear a new Thermopylæ !

ough wit m.  
 distract them still ? and silent all ?  
 Through midnig' ;—the voices of the dead  
 former hope a distant torrent's fall,  
 'Tis but as ivy-leaver, " Let one living head,  
 All green and wild, —we come, we come !"  
 beneath.                   ving who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one ?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
We will not think of themes like these !  
It made Anacreon's song divine :  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant ; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades !  
Oh ! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
 They have a king who buys and sells;  
 In native swords, and native ranks,  
 The only hope of courage dwells;  
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
 But gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!  
LORD BYRON.

### 68      The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and  
 gold;  
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew  
still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet,—  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;  
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

LORD BYRON.

70

Venice.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand :  
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :  
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
 Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred  
 isles !

*She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :  
 And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers  
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.*

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
 And music meets not always now the ear :

Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.  
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear.  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
Her name in story, and her long array  
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;  
Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,  
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—  
The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,  
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

LORD BYRON.

71

*She Walks in Beauty.*

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impar'd the nameless grace,  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent !

LORD BYRON.

CLIME of the unforgotten brave !  
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !  
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,  
 That this is all remains of thee ?  
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :  
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?  
 These waters blue that round you lave,  
 Oh servile offspring of the free—  
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
 These scenes, their story not unknown,  
 Arise, and make again your own ;  
*Snatch from the ashes of your sires*  
 The embers of their former fires ;  
 And he who in the strife expires  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear  
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shame :



For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !  
Attest it many a deathless age !  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land !  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,  
The graves of those that cannot die !  
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,  
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;  
Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way  
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

LORD BYRON.

THEN rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the  
    brave,—  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
    As eager to anticipate their grave ;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
    And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Loudly than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,  
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LORD BYRON.

74      The Burial of Sir John Moore.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light  
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

75                    Ode to the West Wind.

I.

○ WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's  
being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O, thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;  
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O, hear !

## II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : O, hear !

## III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baix's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves : O, hear !

## IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O, uncontrollable ! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

## v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impenetrable one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

76

## The Skylark.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire ;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightning,  
Thou dost float and run ;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight ;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad day-light  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-  
flowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her  
bower :

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its ærial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the  
view :



Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged  
thieves :

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine :  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymenæal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt,  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden  
want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of  
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be :  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee :  
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not :  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught ;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

77

## The Cloud.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams ;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noon-day dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that awaken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits ;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea ;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains ;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
 When the morning star shines dead,  
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
 Its ardours of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and peer;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
 The volcanos are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
    Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
    The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
    With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
    Is the million-coloured bow ;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
    While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
    And the nursling of the sky ;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
    I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain when with never a stain,  
    The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
    Build up the blue dome of air,  
*I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,*  
    And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
    I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ARETHUSA arose  
From her couch of snows  
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—  
From cloud and from crag,  
With many a jag,  
Shepherding her bright fountains.

She leapt down the rocks,  
With her rainbow locks  
Streaming among the streams;—  
Her steps paved with green  
The downward ravine  
Which slopes to the western gleams :  
And gliding and springing  
She went, ever singing,  
In murmurs as soft as sleep ;  
The Earth seemed to love her,  
And Heaven smiled above her,  
As she lingered towards the deep.

## II.

Then Alpheus bold,  
On his glacier cold,  
With his trident the mountains strook,  
And opened a chasm  
In the rocks ;—with the spasm  
All Erymanthus shook.  
And the black south wind  
It concealed behind  
The urns of the silent snow,  
And earthquake and thunder  
Did rend in sunder  
The bars of the springs below.  
The beard and the hair  
Of the River-god were  
Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
As he followed the light  
Of the fleet nymph's flight  
To the brink of the Dorian deep

## III.

“Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !  
And bid the deep hide me,  
For he grasps me now by the hair !”  
The loud Ocean heard,  
To its blue depth stirred,  
And divided at her prayer ;  
And under the water  
The Earth’s white daughter  
Fled like a sunny beam ;  
Behind her descended  
Her billows, unblended  
With the brackish Dorian stream :—  
Like a gloomy stain  
On the emerald main  
Alpheus rushed behind,—  
As an eagle pursuing  
A dove to its ruin  
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

## IV.

Under the bowers  
Where the Ocean Powers  
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,  
Through the coral woods  
Of the weltering floods,  
Over heaps of unvalued stones ;  
Through the dim beams  
Which amid the streams

Weave a net-work of coloured light ;  
And under the caves,  
Where the shadowy waves  
Are as green as the forest's night :—  
Outspeeding the shark,  
And the sword-fish dark,  
Under the ocean foam,  
And up through the rifts  
Of the mountain cliffs  
They past to their Dorian home.

## v.

And now from their fountains  
In Enna's mountains,  
Down one vale where the morning basks,  
Like friends once parted  
Grown single-hearted,  
They ply their watery tasks.  
At sunrise they leap  
From their cradles steep  
In the cave of the shelving hill ;  
At noon-tide they flow  
Through the woods below  
And the meadows of Asphodel ;  
And at night they sleep  
In the rocking deep  
Beneath the Ortygian shore ;—  
Like spirits that lie  
In the azure sky  
When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



## Hymn of Pan.

## I.

FROM the forests and highlands  
We come, we come ;  
From the river-girt islands,  
Where loud waves are dumb,  
Listening to my sweet pipings.  
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
The bees on the bells of thyme,  
The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
The cicale above in the lime,  
And the lizards below in the grass,  
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
Listening to my sweet pipings.

## II.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
And all dark Tempe lay  
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
The light of the dying day,  
SPEEDED by my sweet pipings.  
The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,  
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,  
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,  
And the brink of the dewy caves,  
And all that did then attend and follow,  
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,  
With envy of my sweet pipings.

## III.

I sang of the dancing stars,  
     I sang of the dædal Earth,  
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,  
     And Love, and Death, and Birth,—  
         And then I changed my pipings,—  
 Singing how down the vale of Mænalus  
     I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed :  
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !  
     It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :  
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,  
         At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.  
                 PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## 80

## Hellas.

**T**HE world's great age begins anew,  
     The golden years return,  
 The earth doth like a snake renew  
     Her winter weeds outworn :  
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam  
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.  
  
 A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
     From waves serene and far ;  
 A new Perseus rolls its fountains  
     Against the morning-star.  
 Where fainter Tempes bloom, there sleep  
 Young Cyclops on a rumier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
Fraught with a later prize ;  
Another Orpheus sings again,  
And loves, and weeps, and dies.  
A new Ulysses leaves once more  
Calypso for his native shore.

O, write no more the tale of Troy,  
If earth Death's scroll must be !  
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
Which dawns upon the free :  
Although a subtler Sphinx renew  
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
The splendour of its prime ;  
And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose  
Shall burst, more bright and good  
Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
Than many unsubdued :  
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease ! must hate and death return ?  
Cease ! must men kill and die ?  
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn  
Of bitter prophecy !  
The world is weary of the past,  
O might it die or rest at last !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

81

*Music and Memory.*

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

82

*The Waterfowl.*

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps  
of day,  
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallow'd up thy form—yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHEN youthful faith hath fled,  
Of loving take thy leave;  
Be constant to the dead—  
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of spring,  
How fleet your balmy day!  
And man's brief year can bring  
No secondary May;

No earthly burst again  
Of gladness out of gloom,  
Fond hope and vision vain,  
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief  
That on some solemn shore,  
Beyond the sphere of grief,  
Dear friends shall meet once more;

Beyond the sphere of time,  
And Sin and Fate's control,  
Serene in changeless prime  
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,  
That hope I'll not forego;  
Eternal be the sleep,  
Unless to waken so.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

### Ode to a Nightingale.

#### I.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thine happiness,—  
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

## II.

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stainèd mouth ;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

## III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

## IV.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :  
Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
ways.

## V.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;  
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves ;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves

## VI.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death  
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme  
To take into the air my quiet breath ;



Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

## VII.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

## VIII.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,

And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,

The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

## 87

## Song of Sorrow

O SORROW,

Why dost borrow

he natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ?

To give maiden blushes

To the white rose bushes ?

Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips ?

O Sorrow,

Why dost borrow

The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye ?

To give the glowworm light ?

Or, on a moonless night,

To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-spry ?

O Sorrow,

Why dost borrow

The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ?

To give at evening pale

Unto the nightingale,

That thou may'st listen the cold dews among ?

O Sorrow,  
Why dost borrow  
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?  
A lover would not tread  
A cowslip on the head,  
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—  
Nor any drooping flower  
Held sacred for thy bower,  
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow,  
I bade good-morrow,  
And thought to leave her far away behind :  
But cheerly, cheerly,  
She loves me dearly ;  
She is so constant to me, and so kind :  
I would deceive her,  
And so leave her,  
But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

Young Stranger :  
I've been a ranger  
In search of pleasure throughout every clime ;  
Alas ! 'tis not for me :  
Bewitched I sure must be,  
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

Come then, Sorrow,  
Sweetest Sorrow ;  
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :  
I thought to leave thee,  
And deceive thee,  
But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one,  
No, no, not one  
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;  
Thou art her mother,  
And her brother,  
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.  
JOHN KEATS.

## 88

## Ode on a Grecian Urn.

## I.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?  
What men or gods are these ? What maidens loth ?  
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?  
What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

## II.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes play on ;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone !

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

## III.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

## V.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;  
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !

When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.  
 JOHN KEATS.

## 89

## Beauty.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :  
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils  
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make  
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms  
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;  
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :  
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

JOHN KEATS.

### The Mermaid Tavern.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known,  
 Happy field or mossy cavern,  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?  
 Have ye tippled drink more fine  
 Than mine host's canary wine ?  
 Or are fruits of Paradise  
 Sweeter than those dainty pies  
 Of venison ? O generous food !  
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood  
 Would, with his maid Marian,  
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
 Mine host's signboard flew away,  
 Nobody knew whither, till  
 An astrologer's old quill  
 To a sheepskin gave the story—  
 Said he saw you in your glory,

Underneath a new old-sign  
Sipping beverage divine,  
And pledging with contented smack  
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
What Fly-ium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
JOHN KEATS.

91

## Autumn.

I.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

II.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store :  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;



Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next sward and all its twined flowers  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

## III.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—  
 While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn :  
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft  
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft ;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

## 92 To One who has been long in City pent.

TO one who has been long in city pent,  
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer  
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
 Who is more happy, when, with hearts content,  
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
 And gentle tale of love and languishment ?

Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye  
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by :  
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS.

93

Ruth.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,  
Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veil'd a light  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim ;  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups—  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth-day,—  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

95

### The Song of the Shirt.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
    With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
    Plying her needle and thread—  
    Stitch—stitch—stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
    And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

"Work—work—work !  
While the cock is crowing aloof ;  
    And work—work—work  
Till the stars shine through the roof !  
It's oh ! to be a slave  
    Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
    If this is Christian work !

"Work—work—work  
Till the brain begins to swim ;  
    Work—work—work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !  
Seam, and gusset, and band,—  
    Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
    And sew them on in a dream !

"Oh! men with sisters dear!  
Oh! men with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once with a double thread  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“Work—work—work,  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the weather is warm and bright ;—  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh ! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet !  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal !

“Oh ! but for one short hour !  
A respite however brief !  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief !  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop,  
Hinders needle and thread !”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch—stitch—stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—  
Would that its tone could reach the rich !—  
She sang this “Song of the Shirt !”

THOMAS HOOD.

**T**O my true king I offered, free from stain,  
 Courage and faith ; vain faith and courage vain.  
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,  
 And one dear hope that was more prized than they.  
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,  
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;  
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,  
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;  
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,  
 Each morning started from the dream to weep.  
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.  
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,  
 From that proud country which was once mine own,  
 By those white cliffs I never more must see,  
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,  
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
 O'er English dust—A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

**A**T TEND, all ye who list to hear our noble Eng-  
 land's praise ;  
 I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient  
 days,  
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in  
 vain  
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of  
 Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Ply-  
mouth Bay;  
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond  
Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a  
mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial  
grace;  
And the tall Pinta till the noon had held her close in  
chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the  
wall;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty  
hall;  
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the  
coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many  
a post.  
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff  
comes;  
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound  
the drums;  
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an  
ample space;  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her  
Grace.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the  
bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon  
swells.  
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient  
crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies  
down.



So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed  
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle  
shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to  
bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely  
hunters lay.

Ho, strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight ! Ho, scatter  
flowers, fair maids !

Ho, gunners, fire a loud salute ! Ho, gallants, draw  
your blades !

Thou sun, shine on her joyously, ye breezes, waft her  
wide,

Our glorious *SEMPER EADEM*, the banner of our pride !

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's  
massy fold ;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty  
scroll of gold ;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple  
sea,

Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again  
shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to  
Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the  
day ;

For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-  
flame spread,

High on St Michael's Mount it shone ; it shone on  
Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern  
shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling  
points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,  
The rugged miner poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;  
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.  
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,  
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light;  
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.  
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;  
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;  
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street.  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the war-  
like errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires  
of Kent.  
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright  
couriers forth ;  
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started  
for the north ;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded  
still :  
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang  
from hill to hill :  
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's  
rocky dales,  
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of  
Wales,  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's  
lonely height,  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's  
crest of light,  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's  
stately fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the bound-  
less plain ;  
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale  
of Trent ;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's  
embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of  
Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

TWELVE years ago I made a mock  
 Of filthy trades and traffics ;  
 I wondered what they meant by stock ;  
 I wrote delightful Sapphics ;  
 I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,  
 I supped with Fates and Furies,—  
 Twelve years ago I was a boy,  
 A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago !—How many a thought  
 Of faded pains and pleasures  
 Those whispered syllables have brought  
 From Memory's hoarded treasures !  
 The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,  
 The glories and disgraces,  
 The voices of dear friends, the looks  
 Of old familiar faces !

Kind Mater smiles again to me,  
 As bright as when we parted ;  
 I seem again the frank, the free,  
 Stout-limbed and simple-hearted !  
 Pursuing every idle dream,  
 And shunning every warning ;  
 With no hard work but Bovney stream,  
 No chill except Long Morning :

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball  
 That rattled like a rocket ;  
 Now hearing Wentworth's " Fourteen all ! "  
 And striking for the pocket ;

Now feasting on a cheese and flitch,  
Now drinking from the pewter ;  
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,  
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends ? I am alone ;  
No playmate shares my beaker :  
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,  
And some—before the Speaker ;  
And some compose a tragedy,  
And some compose a rondo,  
And some draw swords for Liberty,  
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes  
Without the fear of sessions ;  
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities  
As much as false professions ;  
Now Mill keeps order in the land,  
A magistrate pedantic ;  
*And Medlar's first repose unscanned*  
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,  
Does Dr Martext's duty ;  
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,  
Is married to a Beauty ;  
And Darrell studies, week by week,  
His Mant, and not his Manton ;  
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,  
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now ;—  
The world's cold chains have bound me ;  
And darker shades are on my brow,  
And sadder scenes around me.

In Parliament I fill my seat,  
With many other noodles,  
And lay my head in Jermyn Street,  
And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life  
Have set my temples aching,  
When visions haunt me of a wife,  
When duns await my waking,  
When Lady Jane is in a pet,  
Or Hobby in a hurry,  
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,  
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk  
Of each remembered hobby ;  
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk,  
To shiver in the lobby ;  
I wish that I could run away  
From House and Court and Levee,  
Where bearded men appear to-day  
Just Eton boys grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun  
And dance o'er childhood's roses,  
And find huge wealth in one pound one,  
Vast wit in broken noses,  
And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,  
And call the milk-maids Houris,—  
That I could be a boy again,  
A happy boy, at Drury's.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May  
Was kissing up the April showers,  
I saw fair Childhood hard at play  
Upon a bank of blushing flowers :  
Happy—he knew not whence or how,—  
And smiling,—who could choose but love him ?  
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,  
Was the blue heaven that beam'd above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,  
That valley's green repose invaded ;  
The brooks grew dry upon his path,  
The birds were mute, the lilies faded.  
But Time so swiftly wing'd his flight,  
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,  
That Childhood watch'd his paper kite,  
And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye  
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute ;  
But Childhood's glance of purity  
Had such a holy spell within it,  
That the dark demon to the air  
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,  
And hid his envy and despair,  
Self-tortured in his own dominion.

Then stepp'd a gloomy phantom up,  
Pale, cypress-crown'd, Night's awful daughter,  
And proffer'd him a fearful cup  
Full to the brim of bitter water :

Poor Childhood bade her tell her name ;  
And when the beldame mutter'd—"Sorrow,"  
He said,—“Don't interrupt my game ;  
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow.”

The Muse of Pindus thither came,  
And woo'd him with the softest numbers  
That ever scatter'd wealth and fame  
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers ;  
Though sweet the music of the lay,  
To Childhood it was all a riddle,  
And “Oh,” he cried, “do send away  
That noisy woman with the fiddle ! ”

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,  
And taught him with most sage endeavour,  
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,  
And why no toy may last for ever.  
She talk'd of all the wondrous laws  
*Which Nature's open book discloses,*  
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,  
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on ! Oh ! Manhood's dreams  
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,  
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,  
Of cherish'd love, or hoarded treasure :  
But to the couch where Childhood lies  
A more delicious trance is given,  
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,  
And glimpses of remember'd Heaven !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.



SOME years ago, ere time and taste  
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,  
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,  
And roads as little known as scurvy,  
The man who lost his way, between  
St Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,  
Was always shown across the green,  
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;  
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,  
Led the lorn traveller up the path,  
Through clean-clipped rows of box and myrtle ;  
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,  
Upon the parlour-steps collected,  
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,  
“ Our master knows you—you're expected.”

Uprose the Reverend Dr Brown,  
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;  
The lady laid her knitting down,  
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow ;  
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,  
He found a stable for his steed,  
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,  
And warmed himself in court or college,  
He had not gained an honest friend  
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—

If he departed as he came,  
With no new light on love or liquor,—  
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs  
With rapid change from rocks to roses :  
It slipped from politics to puns,  
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;  
Beginning with the laws which keep  
The planets in their radiant courses,  
And ending with some precept deep  
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,  
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;  
And when, by dint of page and line,  
He 'stablished truth, or stultified error,  
The Baptist found him far too deep,  
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,  
And the lean Levite went to sleep,  
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed  
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious  
Without refreshment on the road  
From Jerome, or from Athanasius :  
And sure a righteous zeal inspired  
The hand and head that penned and planned them,  
For all who understood admired,  
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,  
Small treatises, and smaller verses,  
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;

True histories of last year's ghost,  
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,  
And tritles for the Morning Post,  
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,  
Although he had a knack of joking ;  
He did not make himself a bear,  
Although he had a taste for smoking ;  
And when religious sects ran mad,  
He held, in spite of all his learning,  
That if a man's belief is bad,  
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit  
In the low hut or garnished cottage,  
And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
And share the widow's homelier pottage :  
At his approach complaint grew mild ;  
And when his hands unbarred the shutter,  
The clammy lips of fever smiled  
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me  
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus ;  
From him I learned the Rule of Three,  
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.  
I used to singe his powdered wig,  
To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
And make the puppy dance a jig,  
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ! in vain I look  
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—  
The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled :

The church is larger than before,—  
You reach it by a carriage-entry ;  
It holds three hundred people more,  
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear  
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,  
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.  
Where is the old man laid ? Look down,  
And construe on the slab before you :  
*Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,*  
*Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.*

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

101

### My Little Cousins.

LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you  
All life is joyous yet ;  
Your hearts have all things to pursue,  
And nothing to regret ;  
And every flower to you is fair,  
And every month is May ;  
You've not been introduced to Care,—  
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long  
Upon those sunny eyes ;  
The voice whose every word is song  
Will set itself to sighs ;  
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears  
Will chase their rest away ;  
To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—  
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Oh yes; if any truth is found  
In the dull schoolman's theme,—  
If friendship is an empty sound,  
And love an idle dream,—  
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue  
Too soon on life's long way,  
At least he'll run with you a league,—  
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright  
As childhood's hues depart;  
You may be lovelier to the sight,  
And dearer to the heart;  
You may be sinless still, and see  
This earth still green and gay;  
But what you are you will not be,—  
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

O'er me have many winters crept,  
With less of grief than joy;  
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—  
I am no more a boy!  
I've never had the gout, 'tis true,  
My hair is hardly grey;  
But now I cannot laugh like you;  
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

I used to have as glad a face,  
As shadowless a brow:  
I once could run as blithe a race  
As you are running now;  
But never mind how I behave,  
Don't interrupt your play,  
And though I look so very grave,  
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

102

## The Nameless One.

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river  
That sweeps along to the mighty sea ;  
God will inspire me while I deliver  
My soul of thee !

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening  
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,  
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning  
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,  
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,  
No star of all heaven sends to light our  
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after-ages  
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,  
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages  
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,  
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,  
He fled for shelter to God, who mated  
His soul with song,—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,  
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,  
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—  
A mountain stream.

Tell how the Nameless, condemned for years long  
To herd with demons from hell beneath,  
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long  
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,  
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,  
With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted,  
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreading death for others,  
And some whose hands should have wrought for him  
(If children live not for sires and mothers),  
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,  
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,  
And pawned his soul for the Devil's dismal  
Stock of returns :

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,  
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,  
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness  
Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,  
And want, and sickness, and how dark night,  
He hides in calmness the silent morrow  
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary  
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,  
He lives, enduring what future story  
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to ye pining noble,  
Deep in your bosom! There let him dwell!  
He, too, had tears for all who in trouble,  
Here and in hell.

JAMES CLARKE MACGILL.

3

## Dream-Pedlary.

IF there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die.  
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
This would I buy.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

104

## The Bells of Shandon.

WITH deep affection,  
And recollection,  
I often think of  
Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling around my cradle  
Their magic spells.



On this I ponder  
 Where'er I wander,  
 And thus grow fonder,  
     Sweet Cork, of thee :  
 With thy bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
     Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
 Full many a chime in,  
 Tolling sublime in  
     Cathedral shrine,  
 While at a glib rate  
 Brass tongues would vibrate,—  
 But all their music  
     Spoke naught like thine ;  
 For memory, dwelling  
 On each proud swelling  
 Of the belfry knelling  
     Its bold notes free,  
 Made the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand on  
 The pleasant water  
     Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
 Old Adrian's Mole in,  
 Their thunder rolling  
     From the Vatican,  
 And cymbals glimmer  
 Swinging uproariously  
 In the gaudy streets  
     Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
    Pealing solemnly,—  
O, the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,  
While on tower and kiosk O!  
In Saint Sophia  
    The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summits  
    Of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them;  
But there's an anthem  
    More dear to me,—  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the River Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY  
(*Father Prout*).

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill ;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide !  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighbourhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the schoolboy's brain ;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak ;  
There are dreams that cannot die ;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song  
 Come over me like a chill :  
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
 When I visit the dear old town ;  
 But the native air is pure and sweet,  
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
 As they balance up and down,  
 Are singing the beautiful song,  
 Are sighing and whispering still :  
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
 And with joy that is almost pain  
 My heart goes back to wander there,  
 And among the dreams of the days that were  
 I find my lost youth again.  
 And the strange and beautiful song,  
 The groves are repeating it still :  
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
 HELEN WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I HAVE a name, a little name,  
 Unacadenced for the ear,  
 Unknown'd by ancestral claim,  
 Unconsecrated by prayer and psalm,  
 The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove  
For gay romance, belong,  
It never dedicate did move  
As "Sacharissa," unto love—  
"Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read  
Upon the leaves of none,  
And afterward, when I am dead,  
Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,  
Across my funeral stone.

This name, whoever chance to call,  
Perhaps your smile may win ;  
Nay, do not smile ! mine eyelids fall  
Over mine eyes, and feel withal  
The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows  
Where summer meadows bloom,  
But gathereth the winter snows,  
And changeth to the hue of those,  
If lasting till they come ?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,  
But time encrusteth round  
With sad associate thoughts the same ?  
And so to me my very name  
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me  
When we were children twain ;  
When names acquired baptismally  
Were hard to utter, as to see  
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one  
Of chestnuts from the hill—  
And through the wood our laugh did run  
As part thereof! The mirth being done,  
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile! I hear in it  
What none of you can hear!  
The talk upon the willow seat,  
The bird and wind that did repeat  
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,  
My sisters' woodland glee,—  
My father's praise, I did not miss,  
When stooping down he cared to kiss  
The poet at his knee;—

And voices, which to name me, aye  
Their tenderest tones were keeping!—  
To some, I never more can say  
An answer, till God wipes away  
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears;  
No murmurs cross my mind:  
Now God be thank'd for these thick tears,  
Which show, of those departed years,  
Sweet memories left behind!

Now God be thank'd for years enwrought  
With love which softens yet!  
Now God be thank'd for every thought  
Which is so tender, it hath caught  
Nath's garden of regret!

The earth may sadden, not remove,  
Our love divinely given ;  
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove  
The immortality of love,  
And lead us nearer Heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

107

A Musical Instrument.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river ?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river ;  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flow'd the river ;  
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.



He cut it short, did the great god Pan  
    (How tall it stood in the river!),  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notch'd the poor dry empty thing  
    In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan  
    (Laugh'd while he sat by the river),  
"The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
    He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
    Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
    Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
    To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man:  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—  
For the reed which grows nevermore again  
    As a reed with the reeds of the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## The Last Leaf.

I SAW him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago,—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
    At him here ;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
    Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
    In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
    Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
    Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
    And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming  
    hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;  
    Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
    And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
    Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
    That spread his lustrous coil ;  
    Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
    Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no  
    more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
    Child of the wandering sea,  
    Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn !  
    While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that  
    sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
    As the swift seasons roll !  
    Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
    Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !  
                    OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHEN one whose nervous English verse  
Public and party hates defied,  
Who bore and bandied many a curse  
Of angry times—when Dryden died,

Our royal Abbey's Bishop-Dean  
Waited for no suggestive prayer,  
But, ere one day closed o'er the scene,  
Craved as a boon to lay him there.

The wayward faith, the faulty life,  
Vanished before a nation's pain ;  
"Panther" and "Hind" forgot their strife,  
And rival statesmen thronged the fane.

O gentle Censor of our age !  
Prime master of our ampler tongue !  
Whose word of wit and generous page  
Were never wroth except with wrong,—

Fielding—without the manners' dross,  
Scott—with a spirit's larger room,  
What prelate deems thy grave his loss ?  
What Halifax erects thy tomb ?

But may be, He who so could draw  
The hidden great, the humble wise,  
Yielding with them to God's good law,  
Makes the Pantheon where he lies.

LORD HOUGHTON.

## III

*The Men of Old.*

I KNOW not that the men of old  
Were better than men now,  
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,  
Of more ingenuous brow :  
I heed not those who pine for force  
A ghost of Time to raise,  
As if they thus could check the course  
Of these appointed days.

To them was life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his part,  
A race where all must run ;  
A battle whose great scheme and scope  
They little cared to know,  
Content, as men at arms, to cope  
Each with his fronting foe.

Man *now* his Virtue's diadem  
Puts on and proudly wears ;  
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,  
Like instincts, unawares :  
Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds,  
As noble boys at play.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE RE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier  
Than all the valleys of Ioman hills.  
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,  
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,  
And lingers, slowly drawn. On either hand  
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down  
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars  
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine  
In cataract after cataract to the sea.  
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus  
Stands up and takes the morning : but in front  
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,  
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon  
Mournful C  none, wandering forlorn  
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.  
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck  
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.  
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,  
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade  
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

“O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill :  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass :  
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,  
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.  
The purple flowers droop : the golden bee  
Is lily-cradled : I alone awake.  
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,





Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land  
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,  
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
 The downward slope to death.

LORD TENNYSON.

#### 114 Of Old sat Freedom on the Heights.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,  
 The thunders breaking at her feet :  
 Above her shook the starry lights :  
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,  
 But fragments of her mighty voice  
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stopt she down thro' town and field  
 To mingle with the human race,  
 And part by part to men reveal'd  
 The fulness of her face,—

Grave another of majestic works,  
 From her isle-altar gazing down,  
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,  
 And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
 The doom of a thousand years  
 Is in them. May perpetual youth  
 Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
 Turning to scorn with lips divine  
 The falsehood of extremes !

LORD TENNYSON.

## 115

## The Passing of Arthur.

AND slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :  
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?  
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats,  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of  
 Both for themselves and those who call  
 For so the whole round earth is every  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of  
 But now farewell. I am going a long  
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a  
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies  
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with  
 And bowery hollows crown'd with  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
 Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

LORD TENNYSON.

### The Yearning of Youth.

MAKE me feel the wild pulsation, that I felt  
 before the strife,  
 When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of  
 my life ;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years

Then yield,

To as a boy when first he leaves his father's

And part

The

ing the dusky highway near and nearer

Grave mot

From light of London flaring like a dreary

Who, God-

And,

as within him to be gone before him

Her open eye

The wise he looks at, in among the throngs

Is in them. Al

Keep dry ti

LORD TENNYSON.

WHO is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier  
and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?  
Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world began.  
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea;  
His foes were thine; he kept us free;  
O give him welcome, this is he  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee;  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun;  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,

Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Past the Pyrenean pines,  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes.  
Such a war had such a close.  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings ;  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;  
A day of onsets of despair !  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;  
Thro' the long-tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.  
So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !  
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be-glad, because his bones are laid by thine !  
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,

A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
Eternal honour to his name.

LORD TENNYSON.

118

Break, break, break.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play !  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill ;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON.

## 119        The Progress of the World.

HERE at least, where nature sickens, nothing.  
Ah, for some retreat  
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began  
to beat.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far  
away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy  
skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of  
Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the  
trailer from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-  
fruted tree—  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres  
of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this  
march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that  
shake mankind.

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my  
words are wild,  
But I count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian  
child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

LORD TENNYSON.

120

### A Farewell.

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
Thy tribute wave deliver:  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet then a river:  
No where by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.



But here will sigh thine alder-tree,  
And here thine aspen shiver ;  
And here by thee will hum the bee,  
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver ;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

## 121      The Charge of the Light Brigade.

### I.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
“Forward, the Light Brigade !  
Charge for the guns !” he said :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

### II.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !”  
Was there a man dismay’d ?  
Not tho’ the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder’d :  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

## III.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
    Volley'd and thunder'd ;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
    Rode the six hundred.

## IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
    *All the world wonder'd :*  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke ;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
    Shatter'd and Sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
    Not the six hundred.

## V.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
    Volley'd and thunder'd ;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

## VI.

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!

LORD TENNYSON.

## 122      For I Dipt into the Future.

FOR I dipt into the future, far as human eye could  
see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that  
would be ;  
  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly  
bales ;  
  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd  
a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central  
blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind  
rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the  
thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-  
flags were furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.  
LORD TENNYSON.

## 123

## The Brook.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses ;  
I linger by my shingly bars ;  
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

124

Queen Victoria.

HER court was pure ; her life serene ;  
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet

By shaping some august decree,  
Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
Broad-based upon her people's will,  
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.

LORD TENNYSON.

125

## The Wisdom of Pallas.

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,  
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.  
 Yet not for power (power of herself  
 Would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,  
 Acting the law we live by without fear;  
 And, because right is right, to follow right  
 Were wisdom in the Scorn of consequence.

LORD TENNYSON.

126

## The Splendour Falls.

THE splendour falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story :  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river :  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON.

I PAST beside the reverend walls  
In which of old I wore the gown ;  
I roved at random thro' the town,  
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes  
The storm their high-built organs make,  
And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
The prophets blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,  
The measured pulse of racing oars  
Among the willows ; paced the shores  
And many a bridge, and all about

The same grey flats again, and felt  
The same, but not the same ; and last  
Up that long walk of limes I past  
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :  
I linger'd ; all within was noise  
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
And labour, and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land ;



When one would aim an arrow fair,  
But send it slackly from the string ;  
And one would pierce an outer ring,  
And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he,  
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear  
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear  
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace  
And music in the bounds of law,  
To those conclusions when we saw  
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;  
And over those ethereal eyes  
The bar of Michael Angelo.

LORD TENNYSON.

**The Days that are no More.**

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

LORD TENNYSON.

129

**Ring out, Wild Bells.**

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times ;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite ;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON.

### 130 Home they Brought her Warrior Dead.

HOME they brought her warrior dead :  
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Call'd him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe ;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face ;  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”  
LORD TENNYSON.

131

## Love and Death.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,  
And in his presence I attend  
To hear the tidings of my friend,  
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,  
And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
Within his court on earth, and sleep  
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel  
Who moves about from place to place,  
And whispers to the worlds of space,  
In the deep night, that all is well.

Thy voice is on the rolling air ;  
I hear thee where the waters run ;  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;  
But tho' I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee some diffusive power,  
I do not therefore love thee less :

My love involves the love before ;  
My love is vaster passion now ;  
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,  
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;  
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;  
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

LORD TENNYSON.

132

### The Red Thread of Honour.

ELEVEN men of England  
A breast-work charged in vain ;  
Eleven men of England  
Lie stripped and gashed and slain,—  
Slain, but of foes that guarded  
Their rock-built fortress well,  
Some twenty had been mastered  
When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way  
Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,  
Then flashed at once on each fierce clan dismay  
Lord of their wild Truckee.

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,  
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,  
And in that glorious error calmly went  
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply  
Above those daring dead :  
"Bring here," at length he shouted,  
"Bring quick the battle-thread.  
Let Eblis blast for ever  
Their souls if Allah will ;  
But we must keep unbroken  
The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghuznee tiger  
Leaped forth to burn and slay,  
Before the holy Prophet  
Taught our grim tribes to pray,  
Before Secunder's lances  
Pierced through each Indian glen,  
The mountain laws of honour  
*Were framed for fearless men.*

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,  
We bind with green one wrist—  
Green for the brave, for heroes  
One crimson thread we twist.  
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,  
For these, whose life has fled,  
Which is the fitting colour,  
The green one, or the red ?"

"Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear  
Their green reward," each noble savage said ;  
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,  
Who dares deny the red ?"

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,  
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came ;  
Beneath a waning moon each spectral height  
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly  
Down on those daring dead ;  
From his good sword their heart's blood  
Crept to that crimson thread.  
Once more he cried : " The judgment,  
Good friends, is wise and true,  
But though the red be given,  
Have we not more to do ?

" These were not stirred by anger,  
Nor yet by lust made bold ;  
Renown they thought above them,  
Nor did they look for gold.  
To them their leader's signal  
Was as the voice of God ;  
Unmoved and uncomplaining,  
The path it showed they trod.

" As, without sound or struggle,  
The stars unburring march,  
Where Allah's finger guides them,  
Through yonder purple arch,  
These Franks, sublimely silent,  
Without a quickened breath,  
Went, in the strength of duty,  
Straight to their goal of death.

" If I were now to ask you  
To name our bravest man,  
Ye all at once would answer,  
They called him Mehrab Khan.

He sleeps among his fathers,  
Dear to our native land,  
With the bright mark he bled for  
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing of Roostum  
Fill all the past with light ;  
If truth be in their music,  
He was a noble knight.  
But were these heroes living  
And strong for battle still,  
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum  
Have climbed, like these, the hill ? "

And they replied : " Though Mehrab Khan was brave,  
As chief he chose himself what risks to run ;  
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,  
Which these had never done ! "

" Enough ! " he shouted fiercely ;  
" Doomed though they be to hell,  
Bind fast the crimson trophy  
Round *both* wrists,—bind it well.  
Who knows but that great Allah  
May grudge such matchless men,  
With none so decked in heaven,  
To the fiends' flaming den ? "

Then all those gallant robbers  
Shouted a stern " Amen ! "  
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,  
They raised his mangled ten.  
And when we found their bodies  
Left bleaching in the wind,  
Around *both* wrists in glory  
That crimson thread was twined.



Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,  
 Rang like an echo to that knightly deed ;  
 He bade its memory live for evermore,  
 That those who run may read.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down ;  
 The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose ;  
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,  
 A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,  
 Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;  
 Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them  
     pass'd  
 The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks  
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,  
 Drifted away disorderly the planks  
 From underneath her keel.

\* So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,  
 That low down in its blue translucent glass  
 We saw the great ferce fish, that thirst for blood,  
 Pass slowly, then repeat.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,  
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,  
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck  
Form'd us in line to die.

To die! 'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd  
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—  
*All to the boats!* cried one:— he was, thank God,  
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:  
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:  
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,  
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought  
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek;  
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought  
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,  
The oars ply back again, and yet again;  
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,  
Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,  
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,  
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,  
As others under turf:—

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,  
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,  
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save  
His weak ones, not in vain.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

LAST night among his fellow-roughs  
He jested, quaff'd and swore :  
A drunken private of the Buffs,  
Who never look'd before.  
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,  
Ambassador from Britain's crown,  
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
*Bewilder'd, and alone,*  
A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
He yet can call his own.  
Ay ! tear his body limb from limb ;  
Bring cord, or axe, or flame !—  
He only knows, that not through him  
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd  
Like dreams to come and go ;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,  
One sheet of living snow :  
The smoke above his father's door  
In gray soft eddyinge hung :—  
Must he then watch and rise no more,  
Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, Honour call !—with strength like steel  
He put the vision by :  
Let duty bid him whine and kneel ;  
An English lad must die !

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink  
To his red grave he went.

—Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;  
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;  
Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons !  
So, let his name through Europe ring—  
A man of mean estate  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.  
SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

135      Epitaph on a Favourite Dog.

NOT hopeless, round this calm sepulchral spot  
A wreath presaging life, we twine ;  
If God be Love, what sleeps below was not  
Without a spark divine.  
SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

136      The White Squall.

ON deck, beneath the awning,  
I dozing lay and yawning ;  
It was the grey of dawning,  
Ere yet the sun arose ;  
And above the funnel's roaring,  
And the fitful wind's deploring,  
I heard the cabin snoring  
With universal nose.

I could hear the passengers snorting—  
I envied their disporting—  
Vainly I was courting  
    The pleasure of a doze !

So I lay, and wondered why light  
Came not, and watched the twilight,  
And the glimmer of the skylight,  
    That shot across the deck ;  
And the binnacle pale and steady,  
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,  
And the sparks in fiery eddy  
    That whirled from the chimney neck.  
In our jovial floating prison  
There was sleep from fore to mizen,  
And never a star had risen  
    The hazy sky to speck. . .

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—  
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—  
Enormous wide their breeks were,  
    Their pipes did puff alway ;  
Each on his mat allotted  
In silence smoked and squatted,  
Whilst round their children trotted  
    In pretty, pleasant play.  
*He can't but smile who traces*  
The smiles on those brown faces,  
And the pretty prattling graces  
    Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,  
And through the ocean rolling  
Went the brave Iberia bowling  
    Before the break of day—

When a SQUALL, upon a sudden,  
Came o'er the waters scudding ;  
And the clouds began to gather,  
And the sea was lashed to lather,  
And the lowering thunder grumbled,  
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,  
And the ship, and all the ocean,  
Woke up in wild commotion.  
Then the wind set up a howling,  
And the poodle dog a yowling,  
And the cocks began a crowing,  
And the old cow raised a lowing  
As she heard the tempest blowing ;  
And fowls and geese did cackle,  
And the cordage and the tackle  
Began to shriek and crackle :  
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,  
And down the deck in runnels ;  
And the rushing water soaks all,  
From the seamen in the fo'ksal  
To the stokers whose black faces  
Peer out of their bed-places ;  
And the captain he was bawling,  
And the sailors pulling, hauling,  
And the quarter-deck tarpauling  
Was shivered in the squalling ;  
And the passengers awaken,  
Most pitifully shaken ;  
And the steward jumps up, and hastens  
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,  
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,  
As the plunging waters met them,  
And splashed and overset them ;

And they call in their emergence  
Upon countless saints and virgins ;  
And their marrowbones are bended,  
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard  
Were frightened and behorr'd ;  
And shrieking and bewildering,  
The mothers clutched their children ;  
The men sung " Allah ! Illah !  
Mashallah Bismillah ! "  
As the warring waters doused them  
And splashed them and soused them,  
And they called upon the Prophet,  
And thought but little of it. . . .

This was the White Squall famous,  
Which latterly o'ercame us,  
And which all will well remember  
On the 28th September ;  
When a Prussian captain of Lancers  
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)  
Came on the deck astonished,  
By that wild squall admonished,  
And wondering cried, " Potztausend,  
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend ? "  
And looked at Captain Lewis,  
Who calmly stood and blew his  
Cigar in all the bustle,  
And scorned the tempest's tussle,  
And oft we've thought thereafter  
How he beat the storm to laughter :  
For well he knew his vessel  
With that vain wind could wrestle ;

And when a wreck we thought her,  
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,  
How gaily he fought her,  
And through the hubbub brought her,  
And as the tempest caught her,  
Cried, "GLORGE ! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER !"

And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was ended,  
And as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea ;  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling, and making  
A prayer at home for me.  
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## The End of the Play.

THE play is done ; the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell :  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell.  
It is an irksome word and task ;  
And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,  
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,  
And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
As fits the merry Christmas time.



On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,  
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;  
Good night! with honest gentle hearts  
A kindly greeting go away!

Good night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,  
Just hinted in this mimic page,  
The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
Are but repeated in our age.  
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,  
Your hopes more vain than those of men;  
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,  
Not less nor more as men than boys;  
With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
As erst at twelve in corduroys.  
And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learned at home to love and pray,  
Pray heaven that early Love and Truth  
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;  
The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
The race not always to the swift.  
The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
The great man be a vulgar clown,  
The knave be lifted over all,  
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?  
Blessed be He who took and gave!  
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
Be weeping at her darling's grave?

We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,  
That darkly rules the fate of all,  
That sends the respite or the blow,  
That's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit :  
Who brought him to that mirth and state ?  
His betters, see, below him sit,  
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?  
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
And longing passion unfulfilled.  
Amen ! whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill.  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the Awful Will,  
And bear it with an honest heart,  
Who misses or who wins the prize.  
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !  
(Bear kindly with my humble lays) ;  
The sacred chorus first was sung  
Upon the first of Christmas days :

The shepherds heard it overhead—  
 The joyful angels raised it then :  
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
 And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth ;  
 I lay the weary pen aside,  
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,  
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
 Be this, good friends, our carol still—  
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
 To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

O H, to be in England  
 Now that April's there,  
 And whoever wakes in England  
 Sees, some morning, unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,  
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—  
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,  
 Lest you should think he never could recapture  
 The first fine careless rapture !

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

139      **Home-Thoughts from the Sea.**

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-  
 west died away;  
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz  
 Bay;  
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar  
 lay:  
 In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar  
 grand and grey;  
 "Here and here did England help me,—how can I  
 help England?"—say,  
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise  
 and pray,  
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

140      **The Song of David.**

O H, our manhood's prime vigour!  
 No spirit feels waste,  
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing,  
 Nor sinew unbraced.  
 Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping  
 From rock up to rock—  
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,—  
 The cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—  
The hunt of the bear,  
And the sultriness showing the lion  
Is couched in his lair.  
And the meal—the rich dates—yellowed over  
With gold dust divine,  
And the locust's-flesh steeped in the pitcher ;  
The full draught of wine,  
And the sleep in the dried river-channel  
Where bulrushes tell  
That the water was wont to go warbling  
So softly and well.  
How good is man's life, the mere living !  
How fit to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the senses,  
For ever in joy !  
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father,  
Whose sword thou didst guard  
When he trusted thee forth with the armies,  
For glorious reward ?  
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother,  
Held up as men sung  
The low song of the nearly-departed,  
And heard her faint tongue  
Joining in while it could to the witness  
“ Let one more attest,  
I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime,  
And all was for best . . . ”  
Then they sung thro' their tears in strong triumph,  
Not much,—but the rest.  
And thy brothers, the help and the contest,  
The working whence grew  
Such result as from seething grape-bundles,  
The spirit strained true !

And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood  
Of wonder and hope,  
Present promise, and wealth of the future  
Beyond the eye's scope—  
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch;  
A people is thine;  
And all gifts which the world offers singly,  
On one head combine!  
On one head, all the beauty and strength,  
Love and rage, like the throe  
That, a-work in the rock, helps its labour,  
And lets the gold go:  
High ambition and deeds which surpass it,  
Fame crowning it,—all  
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature  
—King Saul!

ROBERT BROWNING.

141

The Sands o' Dee.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,—  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee!”

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—  
And never home came she.

“ Oh, is it weed or fish or floating hair—  
    A tress o’ golden hair,  
    O’ drowned maiden’s hair,  
    Above the nets, at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
    Across the stakes on Dee.”

They row’d her in across the rolling foam,  
    The cruel crawling foam,  
    The cruel hungry foam,  
    To her grave beside the sea :  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
    Across the sands o’ Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IS human life a pleasant game  
    That gives the palm to all ?  
A fight for fortune, or for fame,  
    A struggle, and a fall ?  
Who views the Past, and all he prized,  
    With tranquil exultation ?  
And who can say, I’ve realised  
    My fondest aspiration ?

Alas, not one ! No, rest assured  
    That all are prone to quarrel  
With Fate, when worms destroy their gourd,  
    Or Mildew spoils their laurel :  
The prize may come to cheer our lot,  
    But all too late ; and granted  
’Tis even better, still ’tis not  
    Exactly what we wanted.

My schoolboy time ! I wish to praise  
 That bud of brief existence,  
 The vision of my younger days  
 Now trembles in the distance.  
 An envious vapour lingers here,  
 And there I find a chasm ;  
 But much remains, distinct and clear,  
 To sink enthusiasm.

Such thoughts just now disturb my soul  
 With reason good, for lately  
 I took the train to Marley-knoll,  
 And cross'd the fields to Mately.  
 I found old Wheeler at his gate,  
 Who used rare sport to show me :  
 My Mentor once on springe and bait—  
 But Wheeler did not know me.

“ Good lord ! ” at last exclaim'd the churl,  
 “ Are you the little chap, sir,  
 What used to train his hair in curl,  
 And wore a scarlet cap, sir ? ”  
 And then he took to fill in blanks,  
 And conjure up old faces ;  
 And talk of well-remember'd pranks  
 In half-forgotten places.

It pleased the man to tell his brief  
 And rather mournful story,—  
 Old Bliss's school had come to grief,  
 And Bliss had “ gone to glory.”  
 His trees were fell'd, his house was razed,  
 And what less keenly pain'd me,  
 A venerable donkey grazed  
 Exactly where he camed me.



And where have all my playmates sped,  
Whose ranks were once so serried?  
Why, some are wed, and some are dead,  
And some are only buried:  
Frank Petre, erst so full of fun,  
Is now St Blaise's prior,  
And Travers, the attorney's son,  
Is member for the shire.

Dull maskers we! Life's festival  
Enchants the blithe new-comer;  
But seasons change, then where are all  
These friendships of our summer?  
Wan pilgrims flit athwart our track,  
Cold looks attend the meeting;  
We only greet them, glancing back,  
Or pass without a greeting!

I owe old Bliss some rubs, but pride  
Constrains me to postpone 'em,—  
He taught me something ere he died,  
About *nil nisi bonum*.  
I've met with wiser, better men,  
But I forgive him wholly;  
Perhaps his jokes were sad, but then  
He used to storm so drolly.

I still can laugh, is still my boast,  
But mirth has sounded gayer;  
And which provokes my laughter most,  
The preacher, or the player?  
Alack, I cannot laugh at what  
Once made us laugh so freely,  
For Nestroy and Grassot are not—  
And where is Mr Keeley?

O, shall I run away from hence,  
 And dress and shave like Crusoe?  
 Or join St Blaise? No, Common Sense  
 Forbid that I should do so.  
 I'd sooner dress your Little Miss  
 As Paulie shaves in poodles!  
 As soon propose for Betsy Bliss,  
 Or get proposed for Boodle's.

We prate of Fate's illusive dyes,  
 And yet fond hope misleads us;  
 We all believe we near the prize,  
 Till some fresh dupe succeeds us!  
 A bright reward, forsooth! And though  
 No mortal has attain'd it,  
 I still hope on, for well I know  
 That Love has thus ordain'd it.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

143

Shakespeare.

OTHERS abide our question. 'Thou art free.  
 We ask and ask.—Thou smilest and art still,  
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,  
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
 To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,  
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

144

Philomela.

HARK! ah, the nightingale—  
 The tawny-throated!

Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!  
 What triumph! hark!—what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
 Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
 Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain  
 That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—  
 Say, will it never heal?  
 And can this fragrant lawn  
 With its cool trees, and night,  
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
 And moonshine, and the dew,  
 To thy rack'd heart and brain  
 Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,  
 Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,  
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?  
 Dost thou again peruse  
 With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes  
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?  
 Dost thou once more assay  
 Thy flight, and feel come over thee,  
 Poor fugitive, the feathery change  
 Once more, and once more seem to make resound  
 With love and hate, triumph and agony.

Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?  
Listen, Eugenia—  
How thick the bursts come crowding through the  
leaves!  
Again—thou hearest?  
Eternal passion!  
Eternal pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

145

Wordsworth.

AND Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!  
For never has such soothing voice  
Been to your shadowy world convey'd,  
Since eist, at morn, some wandering shade  
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come  
'Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.  
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,  
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!  
He too upon a wintry clime  
Had fallen—on this iron time  
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.  
He found us when the age had bound  
Our souls in its benumbing round;  
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.  
He laid us as we lay at birth  
On the cool flowery lap of earth,  
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;  
The hills were round us, and the breeze  
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;  
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.  
Our youth return'd; for there was shed  
On spirits that had long been dead,  
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,  
The freshness of the early world.

Ah ! since dark days still bring to light  
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,  
 Time may restore us in his course  
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force ;  
 But where will Europe's latter hour  
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?  
 Others will teach us how to dare,  
 And against fear our breast to steel ;  
 Others will strengthen us to bear—  
 But who, ah ! who, will make us feel ?  
 The cloud of mortal destiny,  
 Others will front it fearlessly—  
 But who, like him, will put it by ?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,  
 O Rotha, with thy living wave !  
 Sing him thy best ! for few or none  
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SO, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead ;  
 And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak  
 Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.  
 As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd  
 By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear  
 His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps  
 Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—  
 So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,  
 And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair.  
 And darken'd all ; and a cold fog, with night,  
 Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,

As of a great assembly loosed, and fires  
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now  
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;  
The Persians took it on the open sands  
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;  
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,  
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman waste,  
Under the solitary moon;—he flow'd  
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,  
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin  
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,  
And split his currents; that for many a league  
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along  
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—  
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had  
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,  
A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last  
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide  
His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars  
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

147      Far from the Madding Crowd.      —

O BORN in days when wits were fresh and clear,  
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;  
Before this strange disease of modern life,  
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,  
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—  
Fly hence, our contact fear!

Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !  
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern  
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,  
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude !

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
Still clutching the inviolable shade,  
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,  
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—  
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,  
On some mild pastoral slope  
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales  
Freshen thy flowers as in former years  
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,  
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales !

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !  
For strong the infection of our mental strife,  
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;  
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,  
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.  
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,  
Thy hopes grow tumorous, and unfix'd thy powers,  
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made ;  
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,  
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !  
—As some grave Tynan trader, from the sea,  
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow  
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,  
The fringes of a southward-facing brow  
Among the Ægean isles ;

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,  
    Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,  
    Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine—  
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—  
    And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail;  
    And day and night held on indignantly  
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,  
    Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,  
    To where the Atlantic raves  
Outside the western straits; and unbent sails  
    There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets  
    of foam,  
    Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;  
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

148      *The Highland Exile's Lament.*

**L**ISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father  
    Sing long ago the song of other shores—  
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather  
    All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

CHORUS.

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island  
    Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
    And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.



We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,  
 Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear  
     stream,  
 In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
 Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.  
 When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,  
     Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—  
 No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,  
     That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep.  
 Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!  
     O then for clansman true, and stern claymore—  
 The hearts that would have given their blood like water,  
     Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:

## CHORUS.

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
 But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

ANON.

149

## Keith of Ravelston.

THE murmur of the mourning ghost  
     That keeps the shadowy kine;—  
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
     The sorrows of thy line!  
 Ravelston, Ravelston,  
     The merry path that leads  
 Down the golden morning hill  
     And through the silver meads;  
 Ravelston, Ravelston,  
     The stile beneath the tree,  
 The maid that kept her mother's kine,  
     The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,  
She sat beneath the thorn,  
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston  
Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,  
His belted jewels shine ! —  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line !

Year after year, where Andrew came,  
Comes evening down the glade ;  
And still there sits a moonshine ghost  
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,  
She keeps the shadowy kine ;—  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line !

I lay my hand upon the stile,  
The stile is lone and cold,  
The burnie that goes babbling by  
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year,  
She keeps her shadowy kine ;—  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line !

She makes her immemorial moan,  
She keeps her shadowy kine ;—  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

## 150

## The Peel Life-Boat.

O F Charley Cain, the cox,  
And the thunder of the rocks,  
And the ship St George—  
How he balked the sea-wolf's gorge  
Of its prey—  
Southward bound from Norraway ;  
And the fury and the din,  
And the horror and the roar,  
Rolling in, rolling in,  
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore !

See the Harbour-master stands,  
Cries—"Have you all your hands?"  
Then, as an angel springs  
With God's breath upon his wings,  
She went ;  
And the black storm robe was rent  
With the shout and with the din. . . .

And the castle walls were crowned,  
And no woman lay in swoond,  
But they stood upon the height  
Straight and stiff to see the fight,  
For they knew  
What the pluck of men can do :  
With the fury and the din. . . .

"Lay aboard her, Charley lad !"  
"Lay aboard her !—Are you mad ?  
With the bumping and the scamper  
Of all this loose deck hamper,  
And the yards  
Dancing round us here like cards,"  
With the fury and the din. . . .

So Charley scans the rout,  
Charley knows what he's about,  
Keeps his distance, heaves the line—  
"Pay it out there true and fine!  
Not too much, men!  
Take in the slack, you Dutchmen!"  
With the fury and the din. . . .

Now the hawser's fast and steady,  
And the traveller rigged and ready.  
Says Charley—"What's the lot?"  
"Twenty-four." Then like a shot—  
"Twenty-three,"  
Says Charley, "'s all I see"—  
With the fury and the din. . . .

"Not a soul shall leave the wreck,"  
Says Charley, "till on deck  
You bring the man that's hurt."  
So they brought him in his shirt—  
O, it's fain  
I am for you, Charles Cain—  
With the fury and the din. . . .

And the Captain and his wife,  
And a baby! Odds my life!  
Such a beauty! Such a prize!  
And the tears in Charley's eyes.  
Arms of steel,  
For the honour of old Peel  
Haul away amid the din. . . .

Sing ho! the seething foam!  
Sing ho! the road for home!

And the hulk they've left behind,  
 Like a giant stunned and blind  
 With the loom  
 And the boding of his doom—  
 With the fury and the din. . .

"Here's a child! don't let it fall!"  
 Says Charley, "Nurse it, all!"  
*O the tossing of the breasts!*  
*O the brooding of soft nests,*  
 Taking turns,  
 As each maid and mother yearns  
 For the babe that 'scaped the din. . . .

See the rainbow bright and broad!  
 Now, all men, thank ye God,  
 For the marvel and the token,  
 And the word that He hath spoken!  
 With Thee,  
 O Lord of all that be,  
 We have peace amid the din,  
 And the horror and the roar,  
 Rolling in, rolling in,  
 Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore.

T. E. BROWN.

### The Schooner.

JUST mark that schooner westward far at sea—  
 'Tis but an hour ago  
 When she was lying hoggish at the quay,  
 And men ran to and fro  
 And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed,  
 and swore,  
 And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,  
 Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled :

Then one the tiller took,

And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled ;

And one the canvas shook

Forth like a mouldy bat ; and one, with nods

And smiles, lay on the bowsprit end, and called

And cursed the Harbour-master by his gods.

And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,

Rat-riddled, bilge-bestank,

Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel

And drag her oozy flank,

And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed

And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel

As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

And now, behold ! a shadow of repose

Upon a line of gray

~~She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rays~~

She sleeps and dreams away,

Soft blended in a unity of rest

All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes

'Neath the broad benediction of the West—

Sleeps ; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,

And dies, and is a spirit pure ;

Lo ! on her deck, an angel pilot keeps

His lonely watch secure ;

And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits

Till from night's leash the fine-breathed morning  
leaps,

And that strong hand within unbars the gates.

T. E. BROWN.

152

## Changed.

I KNOW not why my soul is rack'd :  
Why I ne'er smile as was my wont :  
I only know that, as a fact,  
    I don't.  
I used to roam o'er glen and glade  
    Buoyant and blithe as other folk :  
And not unfrequently I made  
    A joke.

A minstrel's fire within me burn'd.  
I'd sing, as one whose heart must break  
Lay upon lay : I nearly learn'd  
    To shake.  
All day I sang ; of love, of fame,  
    Of fights our fathers fought of yore,  
Until the thing almost became  
    A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now !  
It is not that I deem them low ;  
'Tis that I can't remember how  
    They go.  
I could not range the hills till high  
    Above me stood the summer moon :  
And as to dancing, I could fly  
    As soon.

The sports, to which with boyish glee  
I sprang erewhile, attract no more ;  
Although I am but sixty-three  
    Or four.

Nay, worse than that, I've seem'd of late  
To shrink from happy boyhood—boys  
Have grown so noisy, and I hate  
A noise.

They fright me, when the beech is green,  
By swarming up its stem for eggs :  
They drive their horrid hoops between  
My legs :—  
It's idle to repine, I know ;  
I'll tell you what I'll do instead :  
I'll drink my arrowroot, and go  
To bed.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

SHE laid it where the sunbeams fall  
Unscann'd upon the broken wall.  
Without a tear, without a groan,  
She laid it near a mighty stone,  
Which some rude swain had haply cast  
Thither in sport, long ages past,  
And Time with mosses had o'erlaid,  
And fenced with many a tall grassblade,  
And all about bid roses bloom  
And violets shed their soft perfume.  
There, in its cool and quiet bed,  
She set her burden down and fled :  
Nor flung, all eager to escape,  
One glance upon the perfect shape  
That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,  
But motionless and soundless there.



No human eye had mark'd her pass  
Across the linden-shadow'd grass  
Ere yet the minster clock chimed seven :  
Only the innocent birds of heaven—  
The magpie, and the rook whose nest  
Swings as the elmtree waves his crest—  
And the lithe cricket, and the hoar  
And huge-limb'd hound that guards the door,  
Look'd on when, as a summer wind  
That, passing, leaves no trace behind,  
All unapparell'd, barefoot all,  
She ran to that old ruin'd wall,  
To leave upon the chill dank earth  
(For ah ! she never knew its worth)  
'Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling,  
And dews of night, that precious thing !

And there it might have lain forlorn  
From morn till eve, from eve to morn :  
But that, by some wild impulse led,  
The mother, ere she turn'd and fled,  
One moment stood erect and high ;  
Then pour'd into the silent sky  
A cry so jubilant, so strange,  
That Alice—as she strove to range  
Her rebel ringlets at her glass—  
Sprang up and gazed across the grass ;  
Shook back those curls so fair to see,  
Clapp'd her soft hands in childish glee ;  
And shriek'd—her sweet face all aglow,  
Her very limbs with rapture shaking—  
“ My hen has laid an egg, I know ;  
And only hear the noise she's making ! ”

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

154

## Requiem.

UNDER the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :  
*Here he lies where he longed to be ;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

155

## Mother and Son.

IT is not yours, O mother, to complain,  
Not, mother, yours to weep,  
Though nevermore your son again  
Shall to your bosom creep,  
Though nevermore again you watch your baby sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth,  
Mother and child, no more  
We wander ; and no more the birth  
Of me whom once you bore,  
Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed of  
yore ;

Though as all passes, day and night,  
The seasons and the years,  
From you, O mother, this delight,  
This also disappears—  
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs and tears.

156

## A Grievance.

DEAR Mr Editor: I wish to say—  
If you will not be angry at my writing it—  
But I've been used, since childhood's happy day,  
When I have thought of something, to inditing it:  
I seldom think of things: and, by the way,  
Although this metre may not be exciting, it  
Enables one to be extremely terse,  
Which is not what one always is in verse.

I used to know a man,—such things befall  
The observant wayfarer through Fate's domain:  
He was a man, take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again:  
I know that statement's not original:  
What statement is, since Shakspeare? or, since Cain,  
What murder? I believe 'twas Shakspeare said it, or  
Perhaps it may have been your Fighting Editor.

Though why an Editor should fight, or why  
A Fighter should abase himself to edit,  
Are problems far too difficult and high  
For me to solve with any sort of credit:  
Some greatly more accomplished man than I  
Must tackle them: let's say then Shakspeare said it:  
And, if he did not, Lewis Morris may  
(Or even if he did). Some other day,

When I have nothing pressing to impart,  
I should not mind dilating on this matter:  
I feel its import both in head and heart,  
And always did,—especially the latter:  
I could discuss it in the busy mart  
Or on the lonely housetop: hold! this chatter

Diverts me from my purpose. To the point :  
The time, as Hamlet said, is out of joint,

And I perhaps was born to set it right ;

A fact I greet with perfect equanimity ;  
I do not put it down to " cursed spite " :

I don't see any cause for cursing in it : I  
Have always taken very great delight

In such pursuits since first I read divinity :  
Whoever will may write a nation's songs  
As long as I'm allowed to right its wrongs.

What's Eton but a nursery of wrong-righters,

A mighty mother of effective men,

A training-ground for amateur reciters,

A sharpener of the sword as of the pen,

A factory of orators and fighters,

A forcing-house of genius? Now and then,

The world at large shrinks back, abashed and beaten,  
Unable to endure the glare of Eton.

I think I said I knew a man : what then ?

I don't suppose such knowledge is forbid :

We nearly all do, more or less, know men,—

Or think we do : nor will a man get rid  
Of that delusion, while he wields a pen :

But who this man was, what, if aught, he did,

Nor why I mentioned him, I do not know :

Nor what I " wished to say " a while ago.

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN.

157

## England.

ENGLAND, queen of the waves whose green  
    involute girdle enrings thee round,  
Mother fair as the morning, where is now the place  
    of thy foemen found?  
Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them  
    stricken, acclaims thee crowned.  
Times may change, and the skies grow strange with  
    signs of treason and fraud and fear :  
Foes in union of strange communion may rise against  
    thee from far and near :  
Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as cankers  
    waxing from year to year.

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason should league  
    and lie and defame and smite,  
We that know thee, how far below thee the hatred  
    burns of the sons of night,  
We that love thee, behold above thee the witness  
    written of life in light.

Life that shines from thee shows forth signs that none  
    may read not but eyeless foes :  
Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows hopeful  
    now but as madness grows :  
Love, born wise, with exultant eyes adores thy glory,  
    beholds and glows.  
Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie, for-  
    saking the face of truth :  
Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born again  
    from thy deathless youth :  
Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert thou  
    the prey of the serpent's tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive to  
sting thee at heel in vain :  
Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and mourn and  
murmur and plead and plain :  
Thou art thou : and thy sunbright brow is hers that  
blasted the strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could claim in  
place of thee England's place :  
Earth bears none that beholds the sun so pure of  
record, so clothed with grace :  
Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine, as  
strong or as fair of face,  
How shalt thou be abased ? or how shall fear take  
hold of thy heart ? of thine,  
England, maiden immortal, laden with charge of life  
and with hopes divine ?  
Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither behold  
not light in her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by  
grace of thy glory, free,  
Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope to  
serve as he worships thee ;  
None may sing thee : the sea-wind's wing beats down,  
our songs as it hails the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

158

## A Jacobite's Exile.

1746.

THE weary day rins down and dies,  
The weary night wears through :  
And never an hour is fair wi' flower,  
And never a flower wi' dew.

I would the day were night for me,  
I would the night were day :  
For then would I stand in my ain fair land,  
As now in dreams I may.

O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,  
And loud the dark Durance :  
But bonnier shine the braes of T'ync  
Than a' the fields of France ;  
And the waves of Till that speak sae still  
Gleam goodlier where they glance.

O weel were they that fell fighting  
On dark Drumossie's day :  
They keep their hame ayont the faem,  
And we die far away.

O sound they sleep, and saft, and deep,  
But night and day wake we ;  
And ever between the sea banks green  
Sounds loud the sundering sea.

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep,  
But sweet and fast sleep they ;  
And the mool that haps them roun' and laps then  
Is e'en their country's clay ;  
But the land we tread that are not dead  
Is strange as night by day.

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,  
Though fair as dawn it be :  
For what is here that a stranger's cheer  
Should yet wax blithe to see ?

The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,  
The fields are green and gold :  
The hill-streams sing, and the hill-sides ring,  
As ours at home of old.

But hills and flowers are nane of ours,  
And ours are oversea :  
And the kind strange land whereon we stand,  
It wotsna what were we  
Or ever we came, wi' scathe and shame,  
To try what end might be.

Scathe, and shame, and a waefu' name,  
And a weary time and strange,  
Have they that seeing a weird for dreeing  
Can die, and cannot change.

ne and scorn may we thole that mourn,  
'thoug sair be they to dree :  
ill may we bide the thoughts we hide,  
fair keen than wind and rea.



Ill may we thole the night's watches,  
And ill the weary day :  
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep,  
A wae fu' gift gie they ;  
For the sangs they sing us, the sights they bring us,  
The morn blaws all away.

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,  
The burn rins blithe and fain :  
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie  
To look thereon again.

On Keilder-side the wind blaws wide :  
There sounds nae hunting-horn  
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat  
Round banks where Tyne is born.

The Wansbeck sings with all her springs,  
The bents and braes give ear ;  
*But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings*  
I may not see nor hear ;  
For far and far thae blithe burns are,  
And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,  
The loud wind there lives free :  
Nae light comes nigh me or wind blaws by me  
That I wad hear or see.

But O gin I 'were there again,  
Afar ayont the faem,  
Cauld and dead in the sweet saft bed  
That haps my sires at hame !

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,  
 And the sweet grey gleaming sky,  
 And the lordly strand of Northumberland,  
 And the goodly towers thereby:  
 And none shall know but the winds that blow  
 The graves wherein we lie.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

mool—mould.

weird for dreeing=fate to suffer.

thole—bear.

braw=bravely.

159

### A Gentleman of the Old School.

HE lived in that past Georgian day,  
 When men were less inclined to say  
 That "Time is Gold," and overlay  
     With toil their pleasure;  
 He held some land, and dwelt thereon,—  
 Where, I forget,—the house is gone;  
 His Christian name, I think, was John,—  
     His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him,—a face  
 Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,  
 Fresh-coloured, frank, with ne'er a trace  
     Of trouble shaded;  
 The eyes are blue, the hair is drest  
 In plainest way,—one hand is prest  
 Deep in a flapped canary vest,  
     With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,  
With silver buttons,—round his throat,  
A soft cravat ;—in all you note  
An elder fashion,—  
A strangeness, which, to us who shine  
In shapely hats,—whose coats combine  
All harmonies of hue and line,  
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see !  
Men were untravelled then, but we,  
Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea  
With careless parting ;  
He found it quite enough for him  
To smoke his pipe in " garden trim,"  
And watch, about the fish tank's brim,  
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,—  
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,—  
He liked the drone of flies among  
His netted peaches ;  
He liked to watch the sunlight fall  
Athwart his ivied orchard wall ;  
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call  
Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of Paint and Patch,  
And yet no Ranelagh could match  
The sober doves that round his thatch  
Spread tails and sidled ;  
He liked their ruffling, puffed content,—  
For him their drowsy wheelings meant  
More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,  
Or Belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began,  
He shunned the flutter of the fan;  
He too had maybe "pinked his man"  
    In Beauty's quarrel;  
But now his "fervent youth" had flown  
Where lost things go; and he was grown  
As staid and slow-paced as his own  
    Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held  
That no composer's score excelled  
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled  
    Its jovial riot;  
But most his measured words of praise  
Caressed the angler's easy ways,—  
His idly meditative days,—  
    His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose  
Beyond a sunny summer doze;  
He never troubled his repose  
    With fruitless prying;  
But held, as law for high and low,  
What God withholds no man can know,  
And smiled away inquiry so,  
    Without replying.

We read—alas, how much we read!  
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed  
With endless controversies feed  
    Our groaning tables;  
His books—and they sufficed him—were  
Cotton's "Montaigne," "The Grave" of Blair,  
A "Walton"—much the worse for wear—  
    And "Æsop's Fables."

One more, - "The Bible." Not that he  
 Had searched its page as deep as we ;  
 No sophistries could make him see  
     Its slender credit ;  
 It may be that he could not count  
 The aires and sons to Jesse's fount,—  
 He liked the "Sermon on the Mount,"—  
     And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,  
 A red-cheeked lass who long was dead ;  
 His ways were far too slow, he said,  
     To quite forget her ;  
 And still when time had turned him gray,  
 The earliest hawthorn buds in May  
 Would find his lingering feet astray,  
     Where first he met her

"*In Gales Quiet*" heads the stone  
 On Leisure's grave,—now little known,  
 A tangle of wild-rose has grown  
     So thick across it ;  
 The "Benefactions" still declare  
 He left the clerk an elbow-chair,  
 And "12 Pence Yearly to Prepare  
     A Christmas Posset."

Lie softly, Leisure ! Doubtless you  
 With too serene a conscience drew  
 Your easy breath, and slumbered through  
     The gravest issue ;  
 But we, to whom our age allows  
 Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,  
 Look down upon your narrow house,  
     Old friend, and miss you !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## 160 A Gentlewoman of the Old School.

SHE lived in Georgian era too,  
 Most women then, if hardy be true,  
 Succumbed to Routs and Cards, or grew  
     Devout and acid.  
 But hers was neither fate. She came  
 Of good west-country folk, whose fame  
 Has faded now. For us her name  
     Is "Madam Phœd."

Patience or Prudence,—what you will,  
 Some prefix faintly fragrant still  
 As those old musky scents that fill  
     Our grandams' pillows;  
 And for her youthful portrait take  
 Some long-waist child of Hudson's make,  
 Stiffly at ease beside a lake  
     With swans and willows.

I keep her later semblance placed  
 Beside my desk,—'tis lawned and laced,  
 In shadowy sanguine stipple traced  
     By Bartolozzi;  
 A placid face, in which surprise  
 Is seldom seen, but yet there lies  
 Some vestige of the laughing eyes  
     Of arch Piozzi.

For her e'en Time grew debonair.  
 He, finding cheeks unclaimed of care,  
 With late-delayed faint roses there,  
     And lingering dimples,

Had spared to touch the fair old face,  
And only kissed with Vauxhall grace  
The soft white hand that stroked her lace,  
Or smoothed her wimples.

So left her beautiful. Her age  
Was comely as her youth was sage,  
And yet she once had been the rage ;—  
It hath been hinted,  
Indeed, affirmed by one or two,  
Some spark at Bath (as sparks will do)  
Inscribed a song to "Lovely Prue,"  
Which Urban printed.

I know she thought ; I know she felt ;  
Perchance could sum, I doubt she spelt,  
She knew as little of the Celt  
As of the Saxon ;  
I know she played and sang, for yet  
We keep the tumble-down spinet  
To which she quavered ballads set  
By Arne or Jackson.

Her tastes were not refined as ours ;  
She liked plain food and homely flowers,  
Refused to paint, kept early hours,  
Went clad demurely ;  
Her art was sampler-work design,  
Fireworks for her were "vastly fine,"  
Her luxury was elder-wine,—  
She loved that "purely."

She was renowned, traditions say,  
For June preserves, for curds and whey,  
For finest tea (she called it "tay"),  
And ratafia ;

Starving, in fact, 'twixt want and pride;  
 And so, henceforth, you always spied  
 His rusty "pigeon-wings" beside  
 Her Mechlin pinnars.

He worshipped her, you may suppose.  
 She gained him pupils, gave him clothes,  
 Delighted in his dry *bons mots*  
 And cackling laughter;  
 And when, at last, the long duet  
 Of conversation and picquet  
 Ceased with her death, of sheer regret  
 He died soon after.

Dear Madam Placid! Others knew  
 Your worth as well as he, and threw  
 Their flowers upon your coffin too,  
 I take for granted.  
 Their loves are lost; but still we see  
 Your kind and gracious memory  
 Bloom yearly with the almond-tree  
 The Frenchman planted.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

# 161 The Ballad of "Beau Brocade."

*"Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!"*

BLEGGAN'S OPERA.

SEVENTEEN hundred and thirty-nine:—  
 That was the date of this tale of mine.

First great GEORGE was buried and gone;  
 GEORGE the Second was plodding on.





Portly product of Beef and Beer,  
JOHN the host, he was standing near.

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,  
Lumbering came the "*Plymouth Fly*";—

Lumbering up from *Bagshot Heath*,  
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth;

Passengers heavily armed inside;  
Not the less surely the coach had been tried!

Tried!—but a couple of miles away,  
By a well-dressed man!—in the open day!

Tried successfully, never a doubt,—  
Pockets of passengers all turned out!

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,—  
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped!

Even a Methodist hosier's wife  
Offered the choice of her Money or Life!

Highwayman's manners no less polite,  
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were right;—

Sorry to find the company poor,  
Hoped next time they'd travel with more;—

Plucked them all at his ease, in short:—  
Such was the "*Plymouth Fly's*" report.

Sympathy! horror! and wonderment!  
"Catch the Villain!" (But Nobody went.)

“Shoot? Why he’d flashed the pan in his eye!”  
Muttered—“She’d pay for it by and by!”  
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,  
*For GEORGE was in league with “BEAU BROCADE”!*

And JOHN the Host, in his wakefullest state,  
Was not—on the whole—immaculate.

But nobody’s virtue was over-nice  
When WALPOLF talked of “a man and his price”;

And wherever Purity found abode,  
’Twas certainly *not* on a posting road.

## II.

“Forty” followed to “Thirty-nine.”  
Glorious days of the *Hanover* line!

Princes were born, and drums were banged;  
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

“Glorious news!”—from the *Spanish Main*;  
PORTO-BELLO at last was ta’en.

“Glorious news!”—for the liquor trade;  
Nobody dreamed of “BEAU BROCADE.”

People were thinking of *Spanish Crowns*;  
Money was coming from seaport towns!

---

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,  
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, DOLLY  
Clattered away to "*Excuseman's Folly*";—

Such was the name of a ruined abode,  
Just on the edge of the *London* road.

Thence she thought she might safely try,  
As soon as she saw it, to warn the "*Fly*."

But, as chance fell out, her rein she drew,  
As the BEAU came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest  
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest;

And under his silver-gray surcoat,  
The laced, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to *London-Sparrow*,  
And robbed Sir MUNGO MUCKLETHRAW.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,  
(Trembling a little, but not afraid,)  
"Stand and Deliver, O '*BEAU BROCADE*'!"

But the BEAU rode nearer, and would not speak,  
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek;

And a spavined mare with a rusty hide;  
And a girl with her hand at her pocket-side.

So never a word he spoke as yet,  
For he thought 'twas a freak of MEG or BET ;—  
A freak of the "*Rose*" or the "*Rummer*" set.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,  
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid,)  
"Stand and Deliver, O 'BEAU BROCADE' !"—

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,  
Hit the BEAU in the bridle-arm.

Button the first went none knows where,  
But it carried away his *solitaire* ;

Button the second a circuit made,  
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade ;—  
Down from the saddle fell "BEAU BROCADE" !

Down from the saddle and never stirred !—  
DOLLY grew white as a *Windsor* curd.

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound  
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,  
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, BET the fleet  
(Called after BET of *Portugal Street*) ;

Came like the wind to the old Inn-door ;—  
Roused fat JOHN from a three-fold snore ;—

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved . . .  
Briefly, the "*Plymouth Fly*" was saved !

*Staines* and *Windsor* were all on fire :—  
DOLLY was wed to a *Torlshire* squire ;  
Went to Town at the K—G's desire !

But whether His M—J—STY saw her or not,  
HOGARTH jotted her down on the spot ;

And something of DOLLY one still may trace  
In the fresh contours of his "*Milkmaid's*" face.

GEORGE the Guard fled over the sea :  
JOHN had a fit—of perplexity ;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state ;—  
But JOHN was never immaculate.

As for the BEAU, he was duly tried,  
When his wound was healed, at *Whitsuntide* ;

Served—for a day—as the last of "sights,"  
'To the world of *St. James's-Street* and "*White's*,"

Went on his way to TYBURN TREE,  
With a pomp besitting his high degree.

Every privilege rank confers :—  
Bouquet of pinks at *St. Sepulchre's* ;

Flagon of ale at *Holborn Bar* ;  
Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car—  
("t" is omitted where HEROES are !)

Every one knows the speech he made ;  
Swore that he "rather admired the Jade !"—

Waved to the crowd with his gold-laced hat :  
Talked to the Chaplain after that ;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed . . .  
This was the finish of " BEAU BROCADE " !

---

*And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide  
In the leaves of a dusty " LONDONER'S GUIDE " ;*

*" Humbly Inscrib'd " (with curls and tails)  
By the Author to FREDERICK, Prince of WALES :—*

*" Published by FRANCIS and OLIVER PINE ;  
Ludgate-Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign.  
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Nine."*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

AS one that for a weary space has lain  
Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine  
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of love complain,  
And only shadows of wan lovers pine—  
As such an one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—  
So gladly from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours  
They hear like Ocean on a western beach  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ANDREW LANG.

168

## Father O'Flynn.

O F priests we can offer a charmin' variety,  
 Far renowned for larin' and piety;  
 Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,  
 Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

*Chorus.*—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;  
 Powerfulest preacher, and  
 Tندرest teacher, and  
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity  
 Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,  
 Faix! and the divels and all at Divinity—

Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!

Come, I vinture to give ye my word,  
 Niver the likes of his logic was heard,  
 Down from mythology  
 Into thayology,

Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.—*Chorus.*

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way  
 wid you,

All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,

All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,

You've such a way wid you, Father avick!

Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,

Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,

Checking the crazy ones,

Coaxin' onaisy ones,

Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.—*Chorus.*



And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity  
 Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality  
 At comicality, Father, wid you?  
 Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,  
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest:  
 "Is it lave gaiety  
 All to the laity?  
 Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

*Chorus.*—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;  
 Powerfulest preacher, and  
 Tندرest teacher, and  
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

### The Price of Admiralty.

WE have fed our sea for a thousand years  
 And she calls us, still unfed,  
 Though there's never a wave of all her waves  
 But marks our English dead:  
 We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest  
 To the shark and the sheering gull.  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now  
 But lifts a keel we manned;  
 There's never an ebb goes seaward now  
 But drops our dead on the sand—

But sinks our dead on the sands forlore,  
 From the Ducies to the Swin.  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 Lord God, we ha' paid it in !

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,  
 For that is our doom and pride,  
 As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind,  
 Or the wreck that struck last tide—  
 Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef  
 Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 Lord God, we ha' bought it fair !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

165      The Ballad of East and West.

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the  
 twain shall meet,  
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great  
 Judgment Seat ;  
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
 nor Birth,  
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come  
 from the ends of the earth !*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-  
 side,  
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the  
 Colonel's pride :

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the  
dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her  
far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop  
of the Guides :

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where  
Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the  
Ressaldar :

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know  
where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into  
Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to  
fare,

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can  
fly,

By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win  
to the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly  
turn ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is  
sown with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and  
low lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a  
man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough  
dan was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and  
the herd of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him  
stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not  
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he  
can fly,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of  
the Tongue of Jagai,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal  
upon her back,  
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he  
made the pistol crack.  
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whist-  
ling ball went wide.  
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now  
if ye can ride."  
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-  
devils go,  
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like  
a barren doe.  
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his  
head above,  
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a  
maiden plays with a glove.  
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and  
low lean thorn between,  
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a  
man was seen.  
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their  
hoofs drum up the dawn ;  
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare  
like a new-roused fawn.  
The dun he fell at a watercourse—in a woful heap  
fell he,  
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled  
the rider free.  
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small  
room was there to strive ;  
"Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye rode  
so long alive :

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a  
clump of tree,  
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle -  
cocked on his knee.  
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it  
low,  
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a  
row:  
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held  
it high,  
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till  
she could not fly."  
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to  
bird and beast,  
But count who come for the broken meats before thou  
makest a feast.  
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my  
bones away,  
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a  
thief could pay.  
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their  
men on the garnered grain;  
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all  
the cattle are slain.  
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren  
wait to sup,  
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,  
and call them up!  
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and  
gear and stack,  
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my  
own way back!"  
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon  
his feet.  
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and  
grey wolf meet,

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or  
breath ;

What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the  
dawn with Death ? ”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son : “ I hold by the  
blood of my clan :

Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she  
has carried a man ! ”

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled  
against his breast :

“ We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “ but she  
loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a hifter's dower, my turquoise-  
studded rein,

My brodered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver  
stirrups twain.”

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-  
end,

“ Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he ; “ will  
ye take the mate from a friend ? ”

“ A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight ; “ a limb for  
the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to  
him ! ”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from  
a mountain-crest,—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked  
like a lance in rest.

“ Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “ who leads a  
troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on  
shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board  
and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy  
head.

So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all  
her foes are thine,  
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace  
of the Border-line,  
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy  
way to power—  
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am  
hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and  
there they found no fault;  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on  
leavened bread and salt:  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on  
fire and fresh-cut sod,  
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the  
Wondrous Names of God.  
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kanai's boy  
the dun,  
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there  
went forth but one.  
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full  
twenty swords flew clear,—  
There was not a man but carried his feud with the  
blood of the mountaineer.  
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son.  
"Put up the steel at your sides!  
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night  
'tis a man of the Guides!"

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come  
from the ends of the earth !*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

166      **The Ballad of Foulweather Jack.**

ADMIRAL BYRON has weighed his anchor,  
And put to sea in a gale ;  
But deep in his heart is a hidden canker,  
Because of an oft-told tale.  
Brave he may be, deny it who can,  
Yet Admiral John is a luckless man ;  
And the midshipmen's mothers cry, "Out, alack !  
My lad has sailed with Foulweather Jack !"

Admiral Byron has hoisted his pennant,  
And steered for Cape Breton shore :  
But the surgeon says to the first lieutenant,  
"We shall never see Spithead more !  
Weather-beaten and battle-scarr'd,  
To Plymouth Hoe or to Portsmouth Hard,  
The crews return—but they never come back  
Who sign and serve with Foulweather Jack !

"Many a frigate has he commanded,  
In every storm that's blown :  
He would fight with a squadron single-handed,  
But his luck is the devil's own :  
He loses the wind, he misses the tide,  
He shaves the rocks, and his shots go wide ;  
The fate is curst and the future black,  
That hangs o'er the head of Foulweather Jack.



"As for me, I'm a tough old stager,  
Nor care if I sink or swim,  
But when I think of the stranded *Wager*,  
My heart is heavy for him.  
Round the world to ruin and wreck  
He carried his luck on the *Dolphin's* deck :  
If ever a man had the gift and knack  
Of sheer disaster, 'tis Foulweather Jack !"

As a seagull's wings o'er the surges flutter  
In the light of the sunset flame,  
There hovered from westward a hasty cutter,  
To speak with the frigate *Fame*.  
"Twenty Parley-voos ships to-day  
Lurk and loiter in Chaleur Bay ;  
Like wolves they gather to make attack  
On the ships and convoy of Foulweather Jack.

"Frigates three for your three are biding,  
And of arm'd privateers a score ;  
Sloops and schooners at anchor riding,  
Are waiting you close inshore :  
Their guns are many, and yours are few ;  
Eight to one they outnumber you :  
The wind is low and the tide is slack,  
But you yet may escape them, Foulweather Jack."

The Admiral stood six foot and over,  
He was stately and stern to see :  
But his eyes lit up like those of a lover,  
And merry of mind was he :  
And the Byron blood and the Berkeley blood  
Burned in his veins like a fiery flood,  
And his pulses leaped, and his comely face  
Glowed with the pride of a fighting race.

The Admiral laughed with the wind's own laughter,  
And spoke with the sea's own might,  
"From danger and death, and what comes after,  
No Englishman turns in flight :  
They call me unlucky—to-day you'll learn  
How the worst of luck for a time may turn :  
We'll rid the seas of this vermin-pack,  
And I'll be huntsman ! " quoth Foulweather Jack.

The twilight sank and the darkness settled,  
The Admiral's frigate led :  
She took the waves like a steed high-mettled,  
And thus to his men he said :  
"Desperate measures for desperate needs,  
And valorous crews for dare-devil deeds :  
A goodly quarry we have in track—  
Clear the decks for action ! " says Foulweather Jack.

All through the night were the seabirds soaring,  
Shrieking and scared from rest :  
All through the night the guns were roaring  
Under the seabirds' nest.  
When morning broke in a glimmer grey,  
There was dreadful silence in Chaleur Bay,—  
Only the crackle of burning decks,  
And cries for succour from crowded wrecks.

The *Bienfaisant* is aground and blazing,  
And sunk is the proud *Marchault* :  
The privateersmen aghast are gazing  
At their vessels that burn a-row ;  
The staggering smoke that volleys and blows  
Shrouds the shattered *Marquis de Marloze*,  
And the sloops and schooners in rout and wrack  
Strew the pathway of Foulweather Jack.

*RUFUS*, a bright New Year! A savoury stew,  
Bones, broth and biscuits, is prepared for you.  
See how it steams in your enamelled dish,  
Mixed in each part according to your wish.  
Hide in your straw the bones you cannot crunch—  
They'll come in handy for to-morrow's lunch;  
Abstract with care each tasty scrap of meat,  
Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat  
(A dog, I judge, would deem himself disgraced  
Who ate a biscuit where he found it placed);  
Then nuzzle round and make your final sweep,  
And sleep, replete, your after-dinner sleep.

High in our hall we've piled the fire with logs  
For you, the *dog* of our corps of dogs.  
There, when the stroll that health demands is done,  
Your right to ease by due exertion won,  
There shall you come, and on your long-haired mat,  
Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle flat,  
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away  
The peaceful evening of your New Year's day.

*Rufus!* there are who hesitate to own  
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.  
They judge you stupid, for you show no bent  
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.  
Your stubborn nature never stooped to learn  
Tricks by which mumming dogs their biscuits earn.  
Men mostly find you, if they change their seat,  
Couchant obnoxious to their blundering feet;  
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily  
Misjudge the side on which you ought to be;  
Yelping outside when all your friends are in,  
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless din,  
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,  
Howling inside when all the world is out.  
They scorn your gestures and interpret ill  
Your humble signs of friendship and good will;  
Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with jeers  
The ringlets clustered on your spreading ears;  
See without sympathy your sore distress  
When *Ray* obtains the coveted caress,  
And you, a jealous lump of growl and glare,  
Hide from the world your head beneath a chair.  
They say your legs are bandy—so they are;  
Nature so formed them that they might go far.  
They cannot brook your music; they assail  
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—

In short, in one anathema confound  
Shape, mind and heart, and all my little hound.  
Well, let them rail. If, since your life began,  
Beyond the customary lot of man  
Staunchness was yours ; if of your faithful heart  
Malice and scorn could never claim a part ;  
If in your master, loving while you live,  
You own no fault or own it to forgive ;  
If, as you lay your head upon his knee,  
Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your sympathy ;  
If faith and friendship, growing with your age,  
Speak through your eyes and all his love engage ;  
If by that master's wish your life you rule—  
If this be folly, *Rufus*, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you ; *Rufus*, have no fear :  
While life is yours and mine your place is here.  
And when the day shall come, as come it must,  
When *Rufus* goes to mingle with the dust  
(If Fate ordains that you shall pass before  
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),  
I think old Charon, punting through the dark,  
Will hear a sudden friendly little bark ;  
And on the shore he'll mark without a frown  
A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.  
He'll take you in : since watermen are kind,  
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.  
He'll ask no obol, but install you there  
On Styx's farther bank without a fare.  
There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,  
And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb—  
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,  
You run and prick a recognising ear,  
And last, oh, rapture ! leaping to his hand,  
Salute your master as he steps to land.

R. C. LLHMANN.

168

## To Exiles.

ARE you not weary in your distant places,  
Far far from Scotland of the mist and storm,  
In stagnant airs, the sun-smite on your faces,  
The days so long and warm?  
When all around you lie the strange fields sleeping,  
The ghastly woods where no dear memories roam,  
Do not your sad hearts over seas come leaping,  
To the highlands and the lowlands of your Home?

Wild cries the Winter, loud through all our valleys  
The midnights roar, the grey noons echo back;  
About the scalloped coasts the eager galleys  
Beat for kind harbours from horizons black;  
We tread the miry roads, the rain-drenched heather,  
We are the men, we battle, we endure!  
God's pity for you, exiles, in your weather  
Of swooning winds, calm seas, and skies demure!

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk song-haunted  
Over the hills and by the thundering falls,  
Or where the dirge of a brave past is chaunted  
In dolorous dusks by immemorial walls.  
Though hails may beat us and the great mists blind us,  
And lightning rend the pine-tree on the hill,  
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morning find us  
Children of tempest all unshaken still.

We wander where the little grey towns cluster  
Deep in the hills or selvedging the sea,  
By farm-lands lone, by woods where wildfowl muster  
To shelter from the day's inclemency;

And night will come, and then far through the darkling  
 A light will shine out in the sounding glen,  
 And it will mind us of some fond eye's sparkling,  
 And we'll be happy then.

Let torrents pour, then, let the great winds rally,  
 Snow-silence fall or lightning blast the pine,  
 That light of Home shines warmly in the valley,  
 And, exiled son of Scotland, it is thine.  
 Far have you wandered over seas of longing,  
 And now you drowse, and now you well may weep,  
 When all the recollections come a-thronging,  
 Of this rude country where your fathers sleep.

They sleep, but still the hearth is warmly glowing  
 While the wild Winter blusters round their land;  
 That light of Home, the wind so bitter blowing—  
 Look, look and listen, do you understand?  
 Love strength and tempest—oh, come back and share  
 them!

Here is the cottage, here the open door;  
 We have the hearts although we do not bare them,—  
 They're yours, and you are ours for evermore.

NEIL MUNRO.

A BALLAD OF THE BOLD "MENFLAUS."

IT was morning at St Helen's, in the great and  
 gallant days,  
 And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,  
 When the frigate set her courses, all a-shimmer in the  
 haze,  
 And she hauled her home and took the tide.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and  
more,  
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;  
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours  
at the fore,  
When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and  
more,  
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;  
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the  
fore,  
When the bold Menelaus put to sea.*

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she was heading for the  
land,  
When she spied a pennant red and white and blue ;  
They were foemen, and they knew it, and they'd half  
a league in hand,  
But she slung aloft her royals, and she flew.  
She was nearer, nearer, nearer, they were caught beyond  
a doubt,  
But they slipped her, into Orbetello Bay ;  
And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their cables  
out,  
With the guns grinning round them where they lay.

Now Sir Peter was a captain of a famous fighting race,  
Son and grandson of an admiral was he ;  
And he looked upon the batteries, he looked upon the  
chase,  
And he heard the shout that echoed out to sea.



And he called across the decks, "Ay! the cheering  
might be late  
If they kept it till the *Menelaus* runs;  
Bid the master and his mate heave the lead and lay her  
straight  
For the prize lying yonder by the guns!"

When the summer moon was setting, into Orbetello  
Bay  
Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost;  
And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence  
pulled away,  
And in silence every gunner took his post.  
With a volley from her broadside the citadel she  
woke,  
And they hammered back like heroes all the  
night;  
But before the morning broke she had vanished through  
the smoke  
With her prize upon her quarter grappled tight.

It was evening at St Helen's, in the great and gallant  
time,  
And the sky behind the down was flushing far;  
And the flags were all a-flutter, and the bells were all  
a-chime,  
When the frigate cast her anchor off the bar.  
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and  
more,  
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;  
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at  
the fore,  
When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and  
more,*

*Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;  
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the  
fore,*

*When the bold Menelaus came from sea.*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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### Drake's Drum.

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile  
away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)

Slung atween the round shot in Nombie Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly, as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon  
seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;'

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'  
Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them  
long ago."

---

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas  
come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,

Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;

• Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'

They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they founc

him long ago !

HENRY NEWBOLT.

## NOTES.

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P. No.

- 15 8 From 'A Poet's Epitaph,' l. 37.
- 33 21 Introductory motto to the twenty-third chapter of  
'Old Mortality.'
- 34 23 'The Vision of Don Roderick,' stanzas lviii-lx. .
- 36 24 *Lady Heron's Song* from 'Marmion,' Canto V. xii.
- 38 25 Introduction to 'Marmion,' Canto I. l. 97.
- 38 26 From 'Rokeby,' Canto IV. 28. A variation of the  
third quatrain, which Scott borrowed from Burns's  
"It was a' for our rightfu' King," occurs in Elspeth  
Mucklebackit's song in the 'Antiquary,' chap. xl.
- 43 29 From 'Guy Mannering,' chap. iv.
- 44 30 'Marmion,' Canto VI. xxiv.
- 45 31 'Marmion,' Canto IV. xxiv. and xxx.
- 47 32 'The Lady of the Lake,' Canto I. xi. and xii.
- 53 36 *Glycine's Song* from 'Zapolya,' Pt. II. Act II. sc. i.
- 53 37 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' Part V. l. 59. .
- 62 41 'Christabel,' Part II. l. 77.
- 63 42 From 'Dejection: An Ode,' iv. and v.
- 65 44 'The Curse of Kehama,' x. 10.
- 67 48 'John Woodvil: A Tragedy,' Act II. sc. ii.
- 79 58 First published in Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy' as an  
"ancient" ballad.
- 83 62 From 'Foliage; Poems, Original and Selected,' 1818.

- P. No.
- 84 63 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' Canto IV. 178-185.
- 87 65 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' Canto IV. 140, 141.
- 89 67 'Don Juan,' Canto III. lxxxi.
- 93 69 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' Canto III. 21-28.
- 96 70 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' Canto IV. 1-4.
- 98 72 'The Grout,' l. 103.
- 99 73 'Don Juan,' Canto II. 52, 53.
- 116 80 The concluding chorus of 'Hellas: A Lyrical Drama.'
- 118 81 The verses are simply inscribed 'To ——.'
- 119 83 Lang's 'Life of Lockhart,' vol. ii. 398.
- 125 87 From 'Endymion,' Bk. IV.
- 129 89 'Endymion,' Bk. I. l. i.
- 155 103 The first two stanzas of 'Dream-Pedlary' from 'The Poems, Posthumous and Collected, of Thomas Lovell Beddoes,' 1851.
- 155 104 From 'The Reliques of Father Prout,' 1836.
- 170 112 The opening lines of 'Ænone.'
- 171 113 'A Dream of Fair Women,' l. 1.
- 173 115 'Morte D'Arthur,' l. 239.
- 174 116 'Locksley Hall,' l. 109.
- 175 117 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' stanza vi.
- 178 119 'Locksley Hall,' l. 153.
- 182 122 'Locksley Hall,' l. 119.
- 185 124 Concluding verses of introductory dedication 'To the Queen,' 1851.
- 186 125 'Ænone,' l. 142.
- 186 126 From 'The Princess,' iii.
- 187 127 'In Memoriam,' lxxxvi.
- 188 128 'The Princess,' iv.
- 189 129 'In Memoriam,' cv.
- 190 130 'The Princess,' v.
- 191 131 'In Memoriam,' cxv., cxxix.
- 207 140 'Saul,' l. 135.
- 215 145 From 'Memorial Verses,' l. 34.

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- 216 146 Concluding lines of 'Sohrab and Rustum.'
- 217 147 Concluding verses of 'The Scholar-Gipsy.'
- 219 148 The song, as given here, was published in a 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' by Lockhart, in 'Blackwood,' Sept. 1829. In June 1849 it appeared, with a few trifling changes, in 'Tait's Magazine,' as from "the Papers of the late Earl of Eglinton." Again in 'Blackwood' for June 1889, in an article entitled 'An Arcadian Summer,' Sir John Skelton incorporated a set of verses, purporting to be a translation from the Gaelic, which are merely a paraphrase of the old poem, and include its most striking lines, with only some verbal alteration. For the authorship of the Earl of Eglinton there is no proof, and "hitherto, so far as research has gone, here or in Canada, the original Gaelic is unknown to Gaelic scholars" (Dr Donald Masson). In its original form in 'Blackwood,' the poem is said to have been sent "by a friend now in Upper Canada," and the same number of the Magazine contains an article on Upper Canada by John Galt, who was certainly in that country in 1829. My friend, the Rev. Dr Masson, who has kindly put his researches at my disposal, agrees with me in thinking that circumstantial evidence makes it probable, though not certain, that the versatile author of 'Annals of the Parish' was the writer of these much-quoted lines.
- 229 154, 155. From 'Underwoods,' 1887, by permission of Mr Stevenson's literary executor.
- 231 156 From 'Lapsus Calami,' 1891, by kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Bowes, publishers, Cambridge.
- 233 157, 158. From 'Poems and Ballads' (Third Series, 1889), with the author's kind permission.

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|-----|------|----|--|
| P.  | No.  | L. |  |
| 238 | 159- | }  | From 'Collected Poems,' by Austin Dobson.<br>Fourth edition, 1899. Kegan Paul, Trench,<br>Trübner, & Co. With the kind permission<br>of the author.  |
| 161 |      |    |  |
| 245 | 161  |    | Of the following notes to the 'Ballad of Beau<br>Brocade' those marked with an asterisk are<br>reprinted by permission from the 'Collected<br>Poems,' fourth ed., 1899, pp. 512, 513. The<br>others Mr Dobson has kindly allowed me to<br>print here for the first time. |

*The Ballad of Beau Brocade.* There is no foundation in fact for this story.

6 *Shared its glories with Westminster.* Westminster is now "swallowed up in the general vortex of modern London" (Wheatley & Cunningham's *London*, 1891, iii. 460).

\*8 *Went out of town to Marybone.* "Many persons arrived in town from their country-houses in Marybone" (*Daily Journal*, Oct. 15, 1728).

11 *Whitefield preached to the colliers grim.* "*Bristol*, The Rev. Mr *Whitefield* . . . has been wonderfully laborious and successful, especially among the poor Prisoners in *Newgate* and the rude Colliers of *Kingswood*. . . . On Saturday the 18th instant [March] he preach'd at *Hannum Mount* to 5 or 6000 Persons, amongst them many Colliers" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1739, vol. ix. p. 162).

\*13 *Walpole talked of "a man and his price."* This has been contradicted by the more literal historians. But it is sufficiently true for poetical purposes.

27 *There was Barber Dick.* These two personages are borrowed from Plate ii. of Hogarth's *Election Series* ("Canvassing for Votes").

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- 45 *Highwayman's manners.* "On Friday in the Afternoon, between Three and Four o'Clock, the Bath Stage-Coach was robbed by a single Highwayman about two Miles this Side of Maidenhead, who took from the Passengers between four and five Pounds, *behaved very genteelly*, and made off" (*Covent Garden Journal*, 10th March 1752).
- 54 (*That's where the best strong waters are!*) Strong waters—*e.g.*, Barbadoes-water, citron-water, &c., were restorative cordials, much affected by the fair sex. In Richardson's *Familiar Letters*, 1741, p. 163, a sailor sends his Peggy from Barbadoes six bottles of citron-water. "It is what, they say, Ladies drink, when they can get it."
- \*57 *Ensign (of BRAGG's).* Despite its suspicious appropriateness in this case, "Bragg's" regiment of Foot-Guards really existed, and was ordered to Flanders in April 1742 (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1742, i. 217). In 1759 Wolfe was leading it at Quebec when he was mortally wounded.
- 58 *But for the Ladies had drawn his hanger.* A hanger is "a broad, crooked, short sword" (Bailey). Tom Bowling (*Roderick Random*, ch. iii.) wears "an hanger with a brass handle," and Commodore Trunnion, going to his marriage, is equipped with "a huge hanger, with a hilt like that of a backsword" (*Peregrine Pickle*, ch. viii.)
- 79 *For GEORGE was in league.* "That these suspicions [of connivance] were not without foundation is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the inn-keepers services



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much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface [in the 'Beaux' Stratagem'] rendered to Gibbet" (Macaulay's *History of England*, ed. 1864, i. p. 181).

\*91 *PORTO-BELLO at last was ta'en.* Porto-Bello was taken in November 1739, but Vice-Admiral Vernon's despatches did not reach England until the following March (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1740, i. 124 *et seq.*)

117 *With the B-SH-P of L-ND-N's "Pastoral Letter."* A Pastoral Letter was issued by the Bishop of London in August 1739. It was at once answered by Whitefield.

129 *In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest.* This embroidery was so called from being worked on a drum shaped frame. "Your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as *tambour sprigs* would a ground of linsey-woolsey" (Sheridan's *Critic*, 1779, Act I. sc. i.)

131 *London Spaw.* A tavern and pleasure-garden at the corner of Rosoman Street and Exmouth Street, having a noted chalybeate spring on the premises.

"Sweethearts with their sweethearts go  
To Islington or *London Spaw*;  
Some go but just to drink the water,  
Some for the ale which they like better."  
(*Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1733.)

142 *A freak of the "ROSE" or the "RUMMER" set.* The "Rose" was a famous tavern at Covent Garden; the "Rummer" was at Charing Cross.

149 *his solitaire.* A loose neck-tie of black silk,

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generally affixed to the bag of the wig (Fairholt).

160 (*Called after BET of Portugal Street.*) Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

\*171 *In the fresh contours of his "MILKMAID's" face.* See the *Enraged Musician*, an engraving of which was published in November of the following year (1741).

178 *Served for a day.* Walpole (*Letters*, 1857, ii. 219) says that "half White's," with Lord Mountford at their head, went to see James Maclean (the "gentleman highwayman") in prison. Also that Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe had been to comfort and weep over him. Maclean was sentenced to death for robbing the Salisbury Coach, near Turnham Green, on June 26, 1750.

179 "WHITE'S" was a famous coffee-house in St James's Street.

"*Aimwell.* Pray, Sir, ha'n't I seen your Face at *Will's* Coffee-house?"

*Gibbet.* Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too."  
(Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*, Act III. sc. ii.)

181 *With a pomp befitting his high degree.* Fielding (*Covent Garden Journal*, 27th April 1752) says, "This Day five Malefactors were executed at Tyburn. No Heroes within the Memory of Man ever met their Fate with more Boldness and Intrepidity, and consequently with *more felonious Glory.*" Elsewhere he says (March 27), "The real Fact at present is, that instead of making the Gallows an Object of Terror, our Executions contribute to make it an Object of Contempt in the Eye of a Malefactor; and we sacrifice the Lives of Men, not for [the

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italics are Fielding's] *the Reformation, but for the Diversion of the Populace.*" Cf. also Macaulay's *History of England*, ed. 1864, i. p. 182.

183 *Bouquet of pinks.* "Another curious custom observed at this church [St Sepulchre's] was that of presenting a nosegay to every criminal on his way to Tyburn" (Wheatley & Cunningham's *London*, 1891, iii. 229, 230).

184 *Flagon of ale at Holborn Bar.* Holborn Bar, or Bars, marks the boundary in Holborn of the City Liberties. It was on the official route from Newgate to Tyburn.

185 *Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car.* "He [Richard Turpin, alias John Palmer, hanged at York, 7th April 1739] gave 3*l.* 10*s.* to 5 Men who were to follow the Cart as Moaners, with Hatbands and Gloves to them and several others" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1739, vol. ix. 213).

191 *Topsman—i.e., the hangman.* In the Tyburn scene of Hogarth's *Apprentice Series* (Pl. vi) he may be seen sitting at the top of the triple tree.

254 162 Introductory Sonnet to Butcher and Lang's Translation of Homer's 'Odyssey' (Macmillan, 1879). Inserted by kind permission of Mr

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- | P.          | No.      |  |
|-------------|----------|--|
| 263         | 166      | Reprinted, by kind permission of Mrs Byron, from<br>'Blackwood's Magazine,' June 1900.                                       |
| 266         | 167      | From 'Punch,' Jan. 1, 1902, by kind permission<br>of Mr R. C. Lehmann and Mr Philip Agnew<br>(Messrs Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.) |
| 269         | 168      | From 'Blackwood's Magazine,' February 1899,<br>by kind permission of author and publishers.                                  |
| 270-<br>274 | 169, 170 | From 'The Island Race' (Elkin Mathews,<br>1898), by kind permission of Mr Henry Newbolt.                                     |

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